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HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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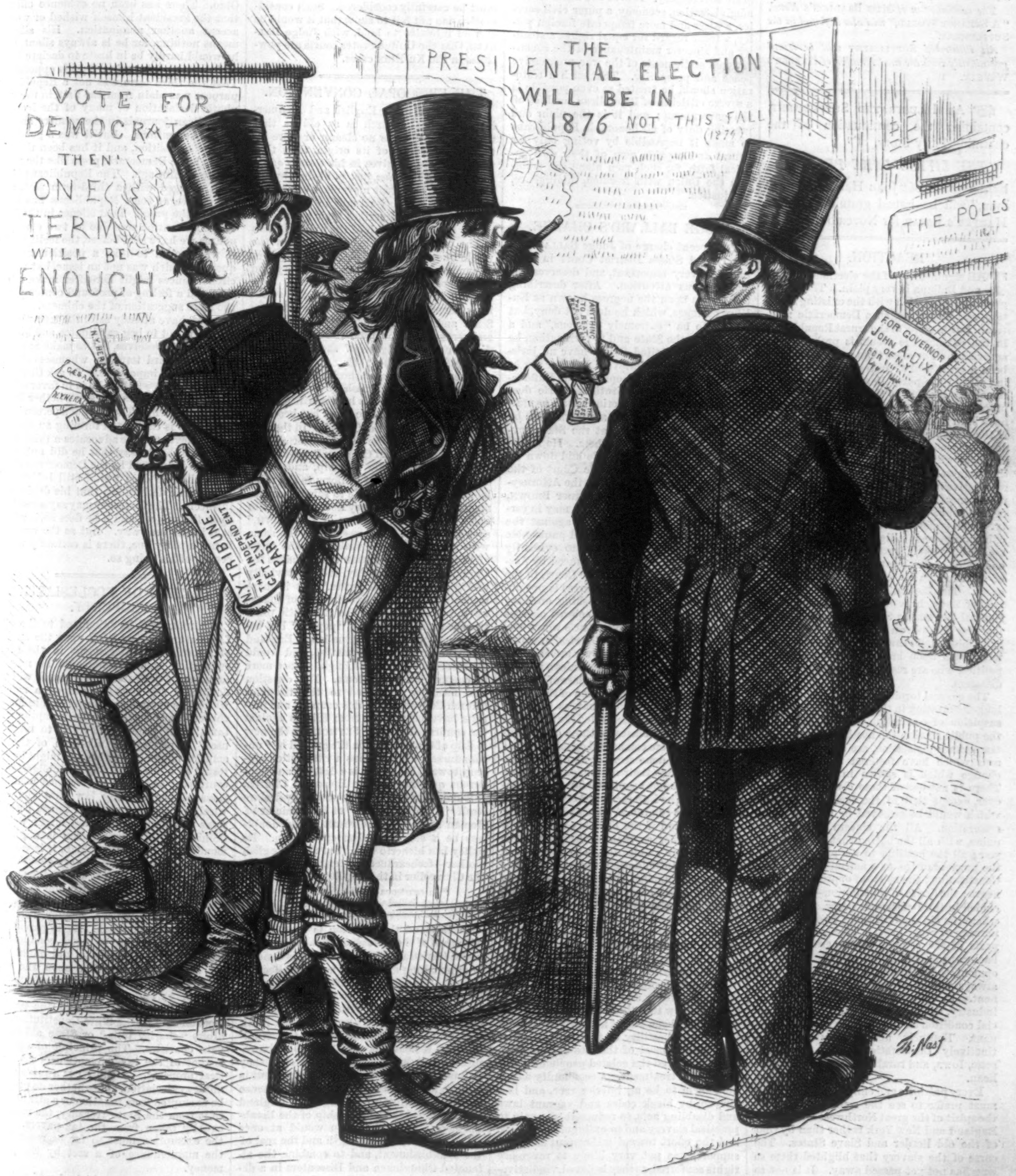
VOTE FOR DEMOCRAT THEN ONE TERM WILL BE ENOUGH
THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION WILL BE IN 1876 NOT THIS FALL (1874)
THE POLLS
N.Y. TRIBUNE. THE INDEPENDENT GET-EVEN PARTY
ANYTHING TO BEAT
FOR GOVERNOR JOHN A. DIX OF N.Y.
Th. Nast

NOT SO EASILY TAKEN IN.

Mr. Croaker. "You are voting for Grant and a Third Term."
Citizen. "I am able to read the ticket I vote."

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.
Saturday, October 31, 1874.

☞ *With this Number of* Harper's Weekly *is sent out gratuitously an*

ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT,

embellished with a beautiful double-page engraving representing the Arrival of the Folkestone Boat from Boulogne, and a page engraving entitled "The Dumb Waiter."

The continuation of Miss Braddon's *Novel,* "A Strange World," *will also be found in the* Supplement.

An illustrated Supplement *will be issued gratuitously with the next Number of* Harper's Weekly.

☞ An Illustrated Supplement, containing the continuation of the charming Fairy Story,

"THE LITTLE LAME PRINCE,"

by the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," will be issued gratuitously with Harper's Bazar for November 14.

REACTION.

THE significance of the elections in Ohio and Indiana is very plain. They show great dissatisfaction with the existing situation, and they threaten a Democratic reaction. But to many of the truest Republicans in the country the result is probably not surprising. For more than a year there has been a great deal of protesting and criticising within the party lines, which has been sometimes scolded as the grumbling of impracticable people, but which now seems to have been the observation of common-sense. If the theory of our government be correct, nothing is more certain than that the party in power will be held to strict account for the character of its measures and of its representative men, and that extravagance and recklessness in management and a low tone of leadership will end in disaster to the party. "To stand by the party" is a useless exhortation to intelligent men, unless they see that the party is resolved to secure those ends which intelligent men desire by means of such agents as intelligent men can respect. The Republicans in the Essex district of Massachusetts who select a man like General Butler as their representative defeat the Republican candidates in Indiana and Ohio. It is they, and not Republicans who insist upon honesty and principle in politics, who are responsible for Republican disasters.

The general torpidity of business, the prolonged confusion in the Southern States, the suspicion of corruption and inefficiency in the public service, the hostility to stringent temperance legislation, are among the reasons which have fostered that desire for change which is shown in the elections. There is not one of these complaints, however, except that of the temperance laws, which would be removed by a Democratic restoration. All the sincere jealousy of union, with all the hatred that survives the war; all the hostility to the principles and the purpose of the new amendments to the Constitution; the spirit of oppression of the negro; the desire of repudiation—are all included in the Democratic party. In States where the old spirit of caste, fostered by ignorance of every kind, is strongest, in those parts of the country which are the most backward in civilization and general development, the Democratic party is now, as it always was, more powerful than its opponent. In the great centres of intelligence, industry, enterprise, and an advancing social condition the Republican party is dominant. Kentucky and Maryland are distinctively Democratic States; Massachusetts, Iowa, and rural New York are Republican.

Every patriotic and enlightened American must prefer to see the country guided by the spirit of the great Northwest and of New England and New York rather than by that of the old Border and Slave States. The curse of the slavery that blighted them so long has not yet passed away. It is not to them that the country is to look for sound principles and a wise and humane policy. And there could be no greater misfortune than that the government should again fall under the domination from which it was rescued in 1860 and saved only by a terrible civil war. A Democratic restoration would not restore chattel slavery, but it would bring into power the party which zealously maintained it, and which was thoroughly debauched by the base and inhuman position which it assumed. As the *World* said on the morning after the elections in Indiana and Ohio, "The Democratic party which was 'dead' is alive again with all its armor on." What that means every American knows who remembers the history of the last twenty years. The Democratic party "with all its armor on" means Tammany triumphant; possible repudiation; hatred of the negro; raids on the Treasury for Southern war claims of every kind; the extinction of hope of reform of the civil service; degrading reaction against the lofty and American spirit that sustained the war; a restless and defiant foreign tone; renewed ecclesiastical efforts to overthrow the public-school system; and a re-opening of the claim of State sovereignty. It does not mean honest administration, economy, a purer civil service, a wiser and more temperate foreign policy, a truer regard for equal rights, a steadier and sincerer maintenance of the constitutional settlements of the war, progressive peace and prosperity. That such a restoration should be treated as even possible is a severe criticism of Republican conduct of the government; and it is the plain and pressing duty of all honorable Republicans to make it impossible by voting only for honest and capable men of their own political faith, for such men alone can maintain the Union with freedom, intelligence, and justice.

JUDGE BALLARD'S CHARGE.

The recent charge of Judge Ballard, of the United States District Court in Kentucky, is very important, and deserves the most serious attention. After describing the crimes upon the negroes known as Ku-Klux outrages, which he does not deny, but admits to be "extremely grievous," and a disgrace to the State and to civilization, he says that the United States have no jurisdiction over them whatever. In other words, he declares that in his opinion the Enforcement Acts are unconstitutional. He does not admit that ordinary crimes, such as murder, assault, robbery, etc., are punishable by the United States, but that the State governments must deal with them. He recognizes, of course, the principle laid down by Judge Grier, of the Supreme Court of the United States, and quoted by the Attorney-General in his letter to Governor Brown, of Tennessee, that the same act may in certain cases be an offense both against the State and the United States, and punishable by both. But Judge Ballard evidently relies upon the opinion announced by Justice Bradley, of the Supreme Court, in the Grant Parish case, that Congress is not authorized to make laws punishing ordinary crimes and offenses against colored citizens or any others. Judge Bradley's words are, "All ordinary murders, robberies, assaults, thefts, and offenses whatsoever are cognizable only in the State courts, unless, indeed, the State should deny to the class of persons referred to the equal protection of the laws."

Judge Ballard holds that, as Congress could not authorize the United States courts to punish such offenses as those of the Ku-Klux if they were committed openly, the fact that they are done secretly and in disguise does not change their nature, and therefore that they are not cognizable by the national courts. The Enforcement Acts, moreover, it is said, are to protect citizens in the right of voting; and if the Ku-Klux outrages, or such a murder as that of Billings, three months before an election, is to be regarded as political intimidation, then all breaches of the peace against the negroes may be so considered, and every such case may be removed from the jurisdiction of the State. This, it is claimed, can not have been the intention of the amendments upon which the Enforcement Acts are based.

But there is no doubt what the purpose of Congress was. Having freed the slaves, it meant to protect them; and it adopted the amendments and passed the laws because it knew that there was a necessity for protecting them. That necessity arose from the general hostility to them of the dominant race in most of the late Slave States, which deprived the colored people of a just hope of fair treatment. A community which held them to be an inferior race, and had striven, by black codes and vagrant laws and disabling acts, to reduce them again to practical slavery and to extinguish the hope and the effort toward self-respect and self-support, was not very likely to reverence rights conferred, as they believed, vindictively and unwarrantably. From the perception of this state of things came the amendments and the laws enforcing them. And the only question under Justice Bradley's ruling is, When may a State be held to deny to the colored people the equal protection of the laws? Is it only when it passes a literally unequal law, or when the ruling sentiment of the State, its controlling public opinion, practically nullifies laws which are verbally equal? The latter is plainly the view entertained by Congress in passing the Enforcement Laws. The treatment of the colored people amounted to a general intimidation, which was sustained by public opinion, and of course prevented them, and was doubtless intended to prevent them, from exercising the right to vote.

If to-day the national government is powerless and the State government is unwilling to protect the negro as it does the white man, what becomes of the liberty given to the colored race and guaranteed by the United States? In a community which naturally spawns the Ku-Klux and the White League, what reasonable hope is there of justice to the negro? He is a citizen of the United States as well as of the State, and all the circumstances of the situation must be carefully considered. Such consideration can not fail to show that it would be a cruel injustice to hold, with Judge Ballard, that the United States courts are powerless in the Ku-Klux cases.

THE EPISCOPAL CONVENTION.

The contest in the English and the American Episcopal Church is as old as that Church, and there is no clearer or more interesting account of its origin than that which Dr. Bacon gives in his *Genesis of the New England Churches,* just published by the Harpers. The great movement of the Puritans was an anti-ritualistic movement. Their very name describes their attempt to purify the new Church of the evil practices of the old. It involved then as now the whole question of symbols; and the power of symbols may be seen in all history and in the most heroic human experience. The traveler in foreign far-off lands, the starving prisoner in Andersonville who saw the Stars and Stripes, the martyr steadfastly and serenely gazing from the midst of the flames upon the figure of the cross, know the significance of symbols.

When the spiritual authority of Rome was renounced by the English government the fidelity of many English hearts still remained. And from that time there has been the Roman tendency in the Church. In the first year of Elizabeth the Act of Uniformity established the Book of Common Prayer as the only form for public worship, and every clergyman who did not conform to the rules laid down in it was liable to severe punishment. "The controversy about ceremonies and vestments in the reign of Elizabeth," says Dr. Bacon, "was essentially the same with the ritualistic agitation in the reign of Victoria—an agitation which shakes the Church of England to-day, and is not wholly unfelt in the United States." It is more menacing now than since the time of Elizabeth, not only because the ritualistic practices are more positively "popish," but because many of the chief ritualists in England openly regret the Reformation, and would gladly see the Church of England once more in communion with Rome. The question was formally presented to the triennial Church Convention in this country, and protests have been made from Illinois against the confirmation of Dr. Seymour as the new bishop of that diocese on the ground of "unsoundness," which means a ritualistic tendency toward Rome. It is a difficult and dangerous question for the Episcopal Church. If it should in this country positively declare itself "High" or "Low," of Puritanic or of Roman sympathy, the result would doubtless be a serious schism or division. Its policy has hitherto been that of its English mother—forbearance and temporizing. Like the Chancellor in the *Day-Dream,* the Church

> "In courteous words returned reply;
> But dallied with his golden chain,
> And, smiling, put the question by."

In England the question is complicated with that of the Establishment. The traditional Christian faith in England is seriously diminishing among the more intellectual classes, although they conform; but the old English sentiment of "no popery or wooden shoes" is very strong with the great middle class. This has been alarmed by the frank words and "popish practices" of the ritualists, and it demands that they shall be repressed and driven from the Church if they will not conform. But to drive them out is both to alienate a class which does immense service in maintaining religion in England and to reduce the membership of the Establishment. Thus extrusion would at once tend to destroy the strength and the zeal of the Establishment, and to combine the alienated Churchmen and Dissenters in a demand for the separation of church and state. Moreover, it is urged by those who oppose a more stringent enforcement of uniformity that the religious temperament is so various that great latitude in the forms of worship should always be allowed, and that to exclude the ritualists is as unwise as it was to drive out John Wesley and the Methodists in the last century. But the contest is vital and inherent in the Church, and grows warmer and warmer every year. The day of possible compromise and forbearance is rapidly passing. The Public Worship Bill adopted at the last session of Parliament reverses the modern policy of the Church of England, and tends to the strict drawing of lines. The action of the American Church will be very conservative. It will hesitate long before it takes any action possibly involving a division or a considerable secession.

THE THIRD TERM.

Those who have laughed at the third-term discussion are now disposed to treat it more seriously, and there are many shrewd observers who think that it was an important element of the Republican defeat in Ohio. There has been no evidence offered that the President himself wished or would accept another nomination. His silence means nothing, for he is always silent, and he would hardly be in haste to declare himself upon an issue raised by his opponents. That the third term was not a Republican purpose was plain from the first, in the emphatic declaration of many of the leading Republican journals in the country and of State Conventions. But it was a good cry for the opposition, and it has been ringing through the Democratic press like the rebel yell ten years ago. The Republicans have been charged with a third-term plot, and the silence of some Republicans has been cited as the proof. That silence in the New York Convention was due to two causes—one, as we have said before, the feeling that it was foolish to take a position upon a question which was not an issue, but which circumstances might hereafter make an issue; and a feeling of profound contempt for the mere suggestion of the chimera.

As we have already said, the true plan to pursue is not to beg candidates and leaders to declare themselves, but to make any purpose of a third term, by whomsoever proposed, simply impossible. To ask Governor Dix to declare whether he is in favor of it is as wise as to ask him to say whether he favors a monarchy. There is not a person in the State who is capable of forming an opinion who believes that he advocates a third term, and if he should say that he did not, those who are influenced by the Democratic assertions that he does would still believe the Democratic declaration that his denial was insincere. The Governor may say something upon the subject, and if he does so, it will be said in the best way. But as the question is not a party one, there is certainly no necessity of his doing so.

TAXATION OF ECCLESIASTICAL PROPERTY.

A report will be submitted to the next Legislature of New York upon the method of taxation and assessment in the State, suggesting such amendments as may be found to be desirable. The report will undoubtedly say something upon a subject which has excited great attention in Massachusetts and elsewhere—the exemption from taxation of property devoted to religious uses. A peremptory abolition of the exemption might be unwise, and might be contested as a law impairing the obligation of contracts; but there are various modifications of the existing law that could be wisely proposed, and to all future corporations this form of State aid might well be prohibited. The exemption is a gift of money from the State, which, if it were directly proposed, would be very generally resisted. The reason for it is that the churches are a kind of moral police, and reduce the criminal expenses of the community. But this argument, as the *Evening Post* well shows, proves too much. Every parent who trains his children to good conduct also saves money to the State, and might urge his claim for exemption upon the same ground as the churches. If the State is to give money and aid, let it be done directly and not indirectly. One of the pending amendments to the State Constitution prohibits "charity bills," or State aid to private charities. The principle of such aid is that of the tax exemption of ecclesiastical property. A church is a private voluntary association, and whether its property be exempted from taxation or a gift be made to it from the State treasury, the money is equally taken from the tax-payers. Thus the exemption must so far be regarded as the maintenance of a sect by the public money.

This is a practice which should not continue, and for this, among other reasons, that the exempted property, by no labor or effort of the society, may become enormously enhanced in value, and be sold at that increased value solely for the benefit of the holders. This point has been strongly urged in the discussion upon the disposition of the Old South Church in Boston, and the proposition has been made, which the report to the New York Legislature will undoubtedly consider, that no increased value in the sale of exempted property shall be devoted to secular or non-charitable purposes. This, as Mr. J. P. Quincy has shown, is mere spoliation, and should be absolutely prohibited. The mischiefs of this exemption are apparent enough in New York, where most valuable real estate has been given by Democratic governments to the priests of the Roman Church in order to secure the Roman Catholic vote for the Democratic party. The true American rule is that every church shall maintain itself, buying property at a fair market value, paying the just taxes upon it, and selling it for the best price it can command. If the State, or the body of taxpayers, had established a church, it might endow it and privilege it as it thought best. But as the American principle wisely ordains an absolute separation of church and state, the exemption of church property from taxation should be forbidden, of course in a manner which will not interfere with established rights, and which will be just to all the interests concerned.

TEMPERANCE IN THE STATE CAMPAIGN.

The Temperance Republicans of New York have united upon the ticket headed by Mr. Clark. They can not, of course, elect him. All that they can hope to do is to carry enough Assembly districts to secure the choice of a Senator of the United States. Would the honest temperance men be satisfied if they should succeed in returning to the Senate the liquor candidate? In the State campaign the hostility to Governor Dix because of his veto is entirely unreasonable, for the Governor is the candidate to whom all the friends of the grog-shop are opposed. Even if the action of the temperance men could destroy the Republican party, it would not help the cause which those men would fain serve. Republicans are united upon other principles and a different class of questions; and while, as in Massachusetts, they would not refuse to vote for a candidate for Governor who is a prohibitionist, the attempt to form a prohibitory party to dispute with the Democratic party the control of the national government or of the State Legislature is not the plan of wise friends of temperance, and would inevitably fail.

We understand the feeling of the friends of Mr. Clark. They declare that the Republican party is more careful of the liquor interest than of that of good order and sobriety, and we deny it. The party may not seek to maintain order and to respect individual rights in the way that some temperance men would prefer; but no intelligent observer can doubt that it represents in its declarations and legislation the average temperance feeling of its members. More than this can not be expected of any party. More than this would merely destroy the party. Those who think that prohibition is the question of primary importance, and that no party which is not resolved upon it ought to be supported, will vote against both of the existing parties in the vain expectation that a great political party can be gathered upon that issue. But those who aim to promote temperance and to diminish intemperance by practicable and efficient means, who seek the substance and not the shadow, will support the party whose general character and tendency are the guarantee of all reasonable reforms.

LATE TWEED AND SWEENY.

There could be no more amusing comedy and parody upon popular government than the recent Tammany Convention in New York which nominated candidates for Mayor and Register. It was the derision of certain old French parliaments that they met only to register the edicts of the king. The Tammany Convention met to ratify the plans of Mr. John Kelly and Mr. John Morrissey. They had decided that Mr. Wickham should be nominated for Mayor and Mr. Hayes for Register, and they were nominated. There is, however, no reason whatever to suppose that if any considerable number of intelligent people of either party in the city had been consulted, either of those candidates would have been selected. They are chosen because they suit the purposes of Messrs. Kelly and Morrissey. The proceeding is a curious commentary upon our form of government, and it shows that a little skillful managing can turn all forms to its own purposes. It may serve also to remind the American citizen that our safety does not lie solely in the forms of a republican government, but in the intelligence and character of the people. Liberty may be overthrown under republican forms, as in Rome, and knavery triumph with them, as in South Carolina. Mr. John Kelly and Mr. John Morrissey now decide who shall receive the Democratic vote, as Tweed and Sweeny did formerly.

Mr. Havemeyer is apt to speak with more prolixity than point, but in his last letter accusing Mr. Kelly, he speaks very plainly, and asks a very obvious question:

> "You can not, fellow-citizens, fail to perceive that the subject of this letter is a public matter of great and pressing importance. Kelly and Morrissey claim, and are exercising, the power to dictate to you your most important officers. They seek to own the men you elect to office as completely as Tweed and Sweeny owned them in their day. Kelly says that Wickham is his candidate for Mayor, and Morrissey forced the nomination of Hayes for Register. You well know what Morrissey is. I have shown you what Kelly is. Are you willing that these men should be your rulers?"

OCCASIONAL PAPERS FROM EUROPE.

No. XXIX.

Around Paris, spreading for hundreds of miles in all directions, extends the chief wheat-producing district of France. This season it was crowned with the promise of a golden harvest that even Minnesota would not contemn. The extraordinary fruitfulness of the French territory has lasted for ages, and gives no trace of future depreciation. The valley of the Seine was probably as productive and as valuable when the Norman savages guided their piratical fleets between its smiling banks to the gates of Paris as it is now in the midst of political convulsions and the lingering pains of war. Charles the Simple or Louis XIV., Napoleons or Bourbons, have vainly labored to destroy the agricultural population by all the excesses of tyranny. The condition of the laboring class in France may be read in their ruined farm-houses and their unfenced fields. Centuries of heavy taxation, conscription, the ravages of enemies, the plunder of courtiers and kings, have left to the French farmer but little besides his few acres of land and his tottering hovel. He has never been able to keep enough of his earnings out of the hands of the tax-gatherer to purchase a cow or to fence his fields, to educate his children or to bestow any largess except to the priests. The profits of his vegetables and his fowls have gone to purchase plumes, embroidery, and banners for gilded cavaliers, and to maintain the state of Luxembourg and Versailles. Yet such is the productiveness of this fortunate land that a few years of good government and of repose may easily restore its prosperity, and wise rulers are alone needed to place France once more in the rank of progressive nations. But its chief want seems to be an intelligent and rational press. The French thinkers are so impulsive as to lose all trace of consistency. At one moment M. Victor Hugo is the advocate of universal peace, the next he insists upon another war with Germany. The Parisian editors expend their rare intellectual gifts in brilliant sallies and quick rejoinders, in amusing where they ought to instruct, in following the popular impulse of the hour where they ought to guide. One looks almost in vain in the best French journals for any calm review of the resources of the nation, or any new project for their full development; for the improvement of the means of internal communication, in which the country is still singularly deficient; for the advancement of education, and the spread of popular reform. Even *La République Française*, which has paid some attention to these topics, has scarcely leisure to discuss them fully. Yet it is not improbable that a paper that would give its chief attention to the real wants of the nation might command an audience that none other can reach. The people are already tired of frivolity and impurity, and are glad to be instructed even by Messrs. Erckmann-Chatrian.

One of the most interesting printing houses of Paris is the *Moniteur* office. Seated across the Seine, in a fine new building which contains all the recent improvements in French art, the venerable journal which reported the debates of the National Assembly of 1792, described the massacres of the first revolution, and has outlived all the modern governments of France is still prosperous and capable of a wide expansion. From its founder, the younger Panckoucke, scholar, printer, and author, like his father, the *Moniteur* came into the possession of Panckoucke's son-in-law, Agasse, and is still in part under the control of his descendants. M. Agasse was in 1790 one of the most valued citizens of Paris, and a painful incident in his family gathered around him anew the popular favor. The *Moniteur*, which has never professed any political consistency, became the official journal. It reported the debates of the various Assemblies; it repeated the proclamations of Napoleon I.; its columns supplied Carlyle with facts for his most dramatic passages; it followed the Restoration, and obeyed Louis Philippe; but Napoleon III., toward the close of his reign, took from it its privilege as the national reporter, and the *Moniteur* since that time has given the debates at its own cost. Its columns are one of the monuments of European history. If not always accurate under the terrors of despotic power, it has had at least a suggestive and memorable life. It is with no slight interest that one reads in the same pages the fierce declamation of the Jacobins, the trial of Louis XVI., the false bulletins of Napoleon I., and the latest projects of M'Mahon and De Broglie. The *Moniteur* is still flourishing, and of its smaller edition prints over one hundred thousand copies daily. Printing in Paris has attained a rare excellence; it was at once fostered and persecuted by the early kings. Printers were flung into the Seine for heresy, and even the printing-press was banished forever by a decree of Francis I. Stephens, the chief printer of his age, fled from Paris to Geneva because he had ventured to bring out an edition of the Greek Testament, and there seemed no room in Paris for the novel art. But the clank of the potent machine was soon heard again. It took shelter under the royal authority. It became for the time the slave of despots. Yet it still continued to serve the people; and a free and rational press will no doubt be the harbinger of a higher period of French civilization.

A work has recently come from the French press that shows that not all its authors are wholly lost in a contemplation of the grandeur and the sorrows of France, and this, by an unusual chance, is a royal writer. The Comte de Paris has published the first two volumes of a history of our recent rebellion. It is written in that clear, graceful, and dignified style which seems almost natural to cultivated Frenchmen, and presents a singularly truthful view of the causes that produced the war for the Union. The arrogance and ambition of the slave-holding class find no tender treatment from the accomplished prince. He defends with an easy rhetoric the conduct and the impulses of the majority of our people. The son of St. Louis has boldly assumed the defense of democracy and of equal rights. It is, indeed, not a little remarkable that while nearly all the English journals and periodicals refused to see the real meaning of the contest, and while all England, with some generous exceptions, lent its sympathy and aid to the slave-holders, a French author should rise so perfectly above the prejudices of caste and rank. The count's history will probably find little favor in England. *Blackwood's Magazine* has already admitted an article from a Confederate officer, whose style is no more correct than his morals, in which the cause of rebellion is defended with all that coarse casuistry which the Southern politicians have usually employed to hide their barbarous aims. South Carolina, we are told, rose in the defense of freedom; Lincoln was a usurper; the Free States sought alone to extend their hated rule over the pacific and prosperous South; the negro was the ward of a tender master, and was being rapidly cultivated into a rational being. Such assertions may satisfy the readers of *Blackwood*, and possibly a larger circle of the English public. Yet almost every one else has at last discovered that the real object of the Southern slave-holders in beginning their rebellion was to extend the slave-trade over the new Territories of the West, and to maintain it in the regions over which they already ruled; that the sale and transport of human beings down the Mississippi and from the Border States to the extreme South in 1860 was as active and as odious in all its traits as that which the British Government and the Khedive of Egypt now profess to be anxious to suppress on the Nile and its tributaries; that the only plain objection on the part of the Southern rebels to the election of President Lincoln was that it threatened a future limitation of the dreadful traffic. So moderate or so timid had been the policy of the free North that, instead of demanding the immediate abolition of the slave-trade, as England has recently done in Egypt and Nubia, it ventured only to indicate certain bounds which the slave-dealers should not pass, and beyond which the markets of New Orleans and Galveston should not be suffered to seek their supply of human chattels. At the first hint of opposition to their barbarous traffic the slave-holders rose in revolt. No Sir Samuel Baker at the head of an armed expedition had penetrated to the banks of the Mississippi to stop the slave-coffle as it floated down the solemn stream. No whisper of disapprobation escaped the lips of English ministers and statesmen when Davis and the Confederates proposed to establish a state whose single aim was the perpetuation of slavery in all its horrors. The slave-trade on the Mississippi was far more abhorrent to the instincts of civilization than that upon the Nile. Its victims were often persons who had felt the influence of Christian principles and education; wives were torn from their husbands, children from their parents; modest women, who had been trained to virtue, were sold on the auction-block of New Orleans; white parents sold their own offspring; infants were torn from their mothers. Yet it was to maintain this system that England and nearly all its press showed the clearest inclination; and imperial France fostered and profited from a rebellion which the Comte de Paris condemns so gracefully, to the evident dissatisfaction of *Blackwood's Magazine*.

From the Parisian press to the Parisian markets is not a difficult transition, and in the preparation of their food the French, at least in appearance, surpass all other nations. From its rich environs, teeming with a careful husbandry, the immense capital draws in its abundant supplies. The markets are well built and convenient. New York might learn from Paris to tear down its repulsive and reeking receptacles for its daily food, and fill their places with graceful buildings of iron or stone, provided with flowing water and marble basins, and promising a cleanliness that may not always be realized. Fulton and Washington markets would scarcely be tolerated even in Galway or Cork. It is doubtful if such dilapidated and crumbling edifices were ever before dedicated to a similar purpose. But in the Parisian *halles* the hand of progress is visible every where. They are filled with the most costly delicacies and the commonest necessaries of life. To dine well is one of the most serious duties of the Parisian life. Emperors and legislators have respected or shared the prejudices of their subjects, and have labored faithfully to gratify the most sensitive taste. The eccentricities and the daring novelties of French cookery are renowned in satire and in song. Their dishes and their confections would have compelled Athenæus to lay down his pen in shame, and admit the superiority of the moderns to the ancients. On some of the stalls of the French markets are exhibited for sale the broken fragments of the dinners of the cafés and hotels, and a crowd of purchasers usually surround the unattractive viands. It will probably be the aim of wise legislators in the future to so provide for the diffusion of food by cheap internal communication that no one in New York or Paris need want the common means of a healthful subsistence. The fragments of the autumnal feast which nature every where prepares, and which are now wasted and forgotten, would supply famishing millions with abundance.

Eugene Lawrence.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

Elections were held, October 13, in Arkansas, Indiana, Iowa, Nebraska, Ohio, West Virginia, and Dakota. The partial returns show large Democratic gains. The following is the latest summary of results: Ohio, Democratic by 18,000 to 20,000 majority, with a Democratic gain of six Congressmen; Indiana, 15,000 to 20,000 Democratic majority, and a Democratic gain of five Congressmen; Arkansas, conservative State ticket (no opposition by Republicans), 75,000, and a new constitution adopted by the same vote; West Virginia, Democratic Congressman, First District, elected by 100 majority; Iowa, Republican majority 40,000; Nebraska (four tickets in the field), Republican majority; Dakota, Republican majority on Congress, and Democratic majority on local tickets. The total gain of Democratic Congressmen is estimated at twelve.

It is reported from Utah that Brigham Young and Ex-Congressman Cannon have been indicted by the Grand Jury for polygamy.

The Rev. Dr. Henry E. Montgomery, rector of the Church of the Incarnation, in this city, died suddenly on the 16th inst., of heart disease. He was fifty-four years of age, and had spent more than half his life in the service of the Church.

The celebrated Ashbury cup and several other silver prizes, won in successful contests by the yacht *Tidal Wave*, were stolen from the house of Commodore William Voorhis, at Nyack, on the night of the 15th inst., by burglars, supposed to be river thieves who were drawn to that locality by a recent boat-race.

The Omaha *Bee* states that the order of General Sheridan prohibiting the exploration of the Black Hills by avaricious gold seekers does not seem to have quieted the general excitement. Already there are many secret parties far on the way to the land which is supposed to abound in gold.

FOREIGN NEWS.

If Spanish reports may be credited, the Carlists are rapidly melting away under additional defeats. Many of the insurgents are said to have come into the government camps with requests for amnesty, and negotiations are reported as going forward for the surrender of entire battalions. Don Carlos has returned to Tolosa from Puente la Reima.

The Feejee Islands, according to advices just received from Melbourne, have been formally annexed to the British Empire, and the Governor of New South Wales has hoisted the English flag on Feejee soil.

The Prussian government is considering a proposition for the creation of a Provincial Assembly in Alsace and Lorraine.

The revolution in Buenos Ayres seems to be making rapid progress. Avellaneda has issued a manifesto calling on the people to support him in his efforts to crush the rebellion, but public opinion is strongly against him, and in favor of General Mitre, who is close at hand with 10,000 men. General Rocca telegraphs from the north that he has defeated the insurgents, but was unable to follow them because he had no horses.

The British ship *Kingsbridge*, bound from London for Sydney, came into collision with the ship *Candahar* in the British Channel, and was sunk. Eleven of the crew of the *Kingsbridge* were drowned, and Captain Symonds, an American, with his wife and daughter, was also lost.

At the sitting of the Permanent Committee of the French Assembly on the 15th inst. the Duke Decazes, Minister of Foreign Affairs, stated that the last Spanish note had caused undue excitement that was to be deeply regretted, but the incident was far from possessing the grave character given to it. A full investigation would only render the honesty and sincerity of France toward Spain more manifest.

The family of the Count von Arnim have offered increased bail to the amount of 1,000,000 thalers to secure his release from custody, but without avail. The prisoner occupies two rooms in the hospital, under the strictest watch, and hardly any one is permitted to see him. The count's son, in a letter to the Berlin papers, denies that his father had any hand in the publication of the ultramontane pamphlet in which it was feared the missing letters of Bismarck would appear.

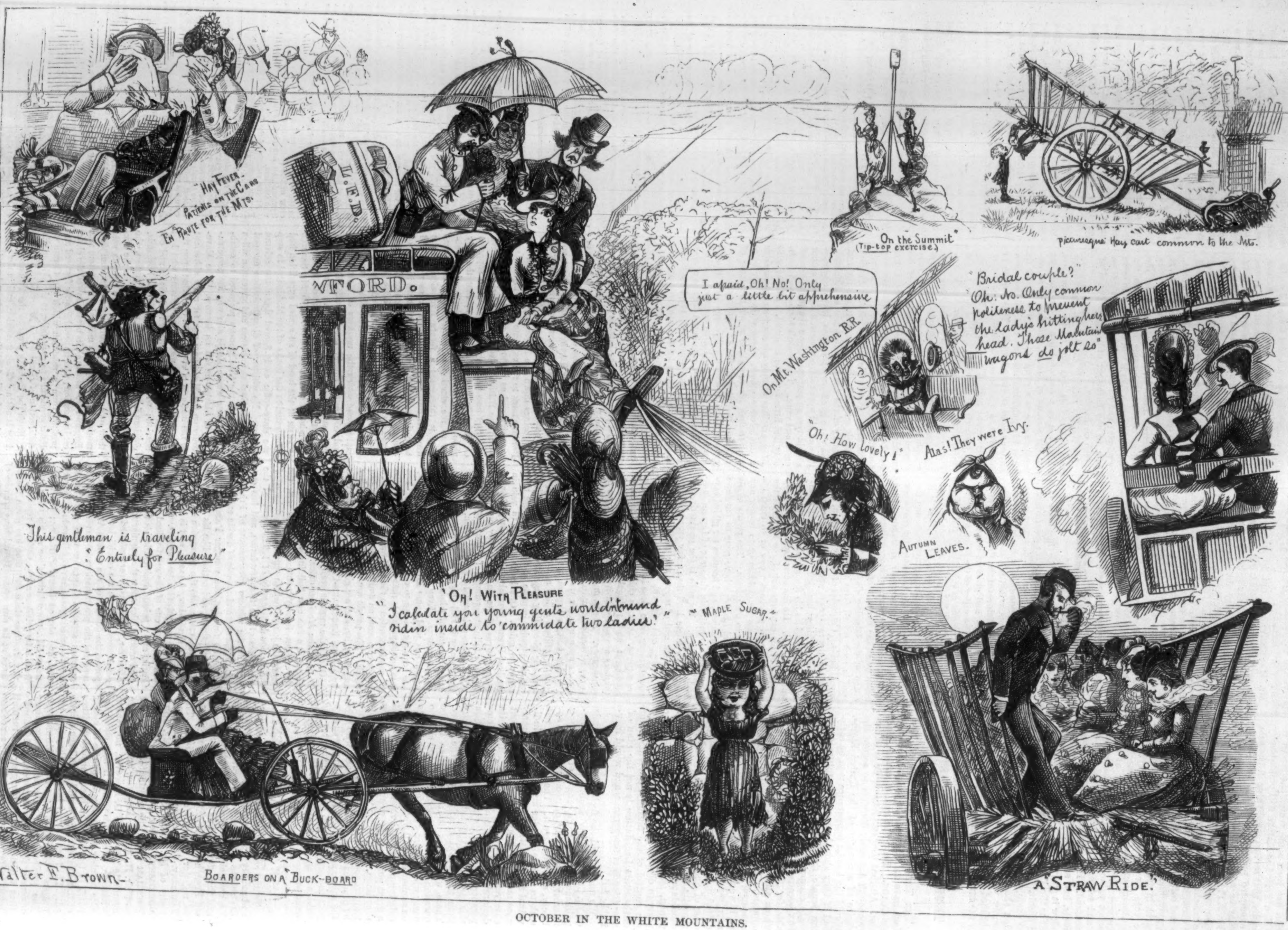
The ex-Empress Eugénie and her son have telegraphed their thanks to the people of Ajaccio for electing Prince Bonaparte to the Council General over Prince Napoleon.

A very disorderly public meeting was held at Birmingham, October 13, to protest against the illegal use of the city's money to pay for a grand illumination on the occasion of the anticipated visit of the Prince of Wales. The speakers denounced the Mayor, and accused him of seeking favor with the court in order to obtain a knighthood.

The Turkish town of Akhiolyi, containing 5000 inhabitants, has been totally destroyed by fire.

The recent French elections for the Councils General resulted as follows: republicans chosen, 672; monarchists, 604; Bonapartists, 155.

The earthquake in Guatemala, on September 3, turns out to have been a great calamity. Several towns were ruined, and as many as two hundred lives were lost.


"Hay Fever Patients on the Cars En Raute for the Mts.
L.F.D.
VFORD.
This gentleman is traveling "Entirely for Pleasure"
'Oh! With Pleasure'
"I calculate you young gents wouldn't mind ridin inside to 'commidate two ladies.'"
"On the Summit" (Tip-top exercise.)
picturesque Hay cart common to the Mts.
I afraid, Oh! No! Only just a little bit apprehensive
On Mt. Washington R.R.
"Bridal couple?" Oh: No. Only common politeness to prevent the lady's hitting her head. Those Mountain wagons do jolt so"
"Oh! How Lovely!"
Alas! They were Ivy.
Autumn Leaves.
"Maple Sugar."
Walter F. Brown
Boarders on a "Buck-board"
'A Straw Ride.'

OCTOBER IN THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

THE LAW AND THE LADY:

A Novel.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "Armadale," "Man and Wife," "The Moonstone," etc.

Part I.—Paradise Lost.

CHAPTER IX.

THE DEFEAT OF THE MAJOR.

Major Fitz-David's visitor proved to be a plump, round-eyed, overdressed girl, with a florid complexion and straw-colored hair. After first fixing on me a broad stare of astonishment, she pointedly addressed her apologies for intruding on us to the major alone. The creature evidently believed me to be the last new object of the old gentleman's idolatry; and she took no pains to disguise her jealous resentment on discovering us together. Major Fitz-David set matters right in his own irresistible way. He kissed the hand of the overdressed girl as devotedly as he had kissed mine; he told her she was looking charmingly. Then he led her, with his happy mixture of admiration and respect, back to the door by which she had entered—a second door communicating directly with the hall.

"No apology is necessary, my dear," he said. "This lady is with me on a matter of business. You will find your singing-master waiting for you up stairs. Begin your lesson; and I will join you in a few minutes. *Au revoir*, my charming pupil—*au revoir*."

The young lady answered this polite little speech in a whisper—with her round eyes fixed distrustfully on me while she spoke. The door closed on her. Major Fitz-David was at liberty to set matters right with me, in my turn.

"I call that young person one of my happy discoveries," said the old gentleman, complacently. "She possesses, I don't hesitate to say, the finest soprano voice in Europe. Would you believe it, I met with her at a railway station. She was behind the counter in a refreshment-room, poor innocent, rinsing wine-glasses, and singing over her work. Good heavens, such singing! Her upper notes electrified me. I said to myself, 'Here is a born prima donna—I will bring her out!' She is the third I have brought out in my time. I shall take her to Italy when her education is sufficiently advanced, and perfect her at Milan. In that unsophisticated girl, my dear lady, you see one of the future Queens of Song. Listen! She is beginning her scales. What a voice! Brava! Brava! Bravissima!"

The high soprano notes of the future Queen of Song rang through the house as he spoke. Of the loudness of the young lady's voice there could be no sort of doubt. The sweetness and the purity of it admitted, in my opinion, of considerable dispute.

Having said the polite words which the occasion rendered necessary, I ventured to recall Major Fitz-David to the subject in discussion between us when his visitor had entered the room. The major was very unwilling to return to the perilous topic on which we had just touched when the interruption occurred. He beat time with his forefinger to the singing up stairs; he asked me about *my* voice, and whether I sang; he remarked that life would be intolerable to him without Love and Art. A man in my place would have lost all patience, and would have given up the struggle in disgust. Being a woman, and having my end in view, my resolution was invincible. I fairly wore out the major's resistance, and compelled him to surrender at discretion. It is only justice to add that, when he did make up his mind to speak to me again of Eustace, he spoke frankly, and spoke to the point.

"I have known your husband," he began, "since the time when he was a boy. At a certain period of his past life a terrible misfortune fell upon him. The secret of that misfortune is known to his friends, and is religiously kept by his friends. It is the secret that he is keeping from You. He will never tell it to you as long as he lives. And he has bound *me* not to tell it, under a promise given on my word of honor. You wished, dear Mrs. Woodville, to be made acquainted with my position toward Eustace. There it is!"

"You persist in calling me Mrs. Woodville," I said.

"Your husband wishes me to persist," the major answered. "He assumed the name of Woodville, fearing to give his own name, when he first called at your uncle's house. He will now acknowledge no other. Remonstrance is useless. You must do what we do—you must give way to an unreasonable man. The best fellow in the world in other respects: in this one matter as obstinate and self-willed as he can be. If you ask me my opinion, I tell you honestly that I think he was wrong in courting and marrying you under his false name. He trusted his honor and his happiness to your keeping in making you his wife. Why should he not trust the story of his troubles to you as well? His mother quite shares my opinion in this matter. You must not blame her for refusing to admit you into her confidence after your marriage: it was then too late. Before your marriage she did all she could do—without betraying secrets which, as a good mother, she was bound to respect—to induce her son to act justly toward you. I commit no indiscretion when I tell you that she refused to sanction your marriage mainly for the reason that Eustace refused to follow her advice, and to tell you what his position really was. On my part I did all I could to support Mrs. Macallan in the course that she took. When Eustace wrote to tell me that he had engaged himself to marry a niece of my good friend Doctor Starkweather, and that he had mentioned me as his reference, I wrote back to warn him that I would have nothing to do with the affair unless he revealed the whole truth about himself to his future wife. He refused to listen to me, as he had refused to listen to his mother; and he held me at the same time to my promise to keep his secret. When Starkweather wrote to me, I had no choice but to involve myself in a deception of which I thoroughly disapproved, or to answer in a tone so guarded and so brief as to stop the correspondence at the outset. I chose the last alternative; and I fear I have offended my good old friend. You now see the painful position in which I am placed. To add to the difficulties of that situation, Eustace came here this very day to warn me to be on my guard, in case of your addressing to me the very request which you have just made! He told me that you had met with his mother, by an unlucky accident, and that you had discovered the family name. He declared that he had traveled to London for the express purpose of speaking to me personally on this serious subject. 'I know your weakness,' he said, 'where women are concerned. Valeria is aware that you are my old friend. She will certainly write to you; she may even be bold enough to make her way into your house. Renew your promise to keep the great calamity of my life a secret, on your honor and on your oath.' Those were his words, as nearly as I can remember them. I tried to treat the thing lightly; I ridiculed the absurdly theatrical notion of 'renewing my promise,' and all the rest of it. Quite useless! He refused to leave me; he reminded me of his unmerited sufferings, poor fellow, in the past time. It ended in his bursting into tears. You love him, and so do I. Can you wonder that I let him have his way? The result is that I am doubly bound to tell you nothing, by the most sacred promise that a man can give. My dear lady, I cordially side with you in this matter; I long to relieve your anxieties. But what can I do?"

He stopped, and waited—gravely waited—to hear my reply.

I had listened from beginning to end without interrupting him. The extraordinary change in his manner, and in his way of expressing himself, while he was speaking of Eustace, alarmed me as nothing had alarmed me yet. How terrible (I thought to myself) must this untold story be, if the mere act of referring to it makes light-hearted Major Fitz-David speak seriously and sadly, never smiling, never paying me a compliment, never even noticing the singing up stairs! My heart sank in me as I drew that startling conclusion. For the first time since I had entered the house I was at the end of my resources; I knew neither what to say nor what to do next.

And yet I kept my seat. Never had the resolution to discover what my husband was hiding from me been more firmly rooted in my mind than it was at that moment! I can not account for the extraordinary inconsistency in my character which this confession implies. I can only describe the facts as they really were.

The singing went on up stairs. Major Fitz-David still waited impenetrably to hear what I had to say—to know what I resolved on doing next.

Before I had decided what to say or what to do, another domestic incident happened. In plain words, another knocking announced a new visitor at the house door. On this occasion there was no rustling of a woman's dress in the hall. On this occasion only the old servant entered the room, carrying a magnificent nosegay in his hand. "With Lady Clarinda's kind regards. To remind Major Fitz-David of his appointment." Another lady! This time a lady with a title. A great lady who sent her flowers and her messages without condescending to concealment. The major—first apologizing to me—wrote a few lines of acknowledgment, and sent them out to the messenger. When the door was closed again he carefully selected one of the choicest flowers in the nosegay. "May I ask," he said, presenting the flower to me with his best grace, "whether you now understand the delicate position in which I am placed between your husband and yourself?"

The little interruption caused by the appearance of the nosegay had given a new impulse to my thoughts, and had thus helped, in some degree, to restore me to myself. I was able at last to satisfy Major Fitz-David that his considerate and courteous explanation had not been thrown away upon me.

"I thank you, most sincerely, major," I said. "You have convinced me that I must not ask you to forget, on my account, the promise which you have given to my husband. It is a sacred promise, which I too am bound to respect—I quite understand that."

The major drew a long breath of relief, and patted me on the shoulder in high approval of what I had said to him.

"Admirably expressed!" he rejoined, recovering his light-hearted looks and his lover-like ways all in a moment. "My dear lady, you have the gift of sympathy; you see exactly how I am situated. Do you know, you remind me of my charming Lady Clarinda. *She* has the gift of sympathy, and sees exactly how I am situated. I should so enjoy introducing you to each other," said the major, plunging his long nose ecstatically into Lady Clarinda's flowers.

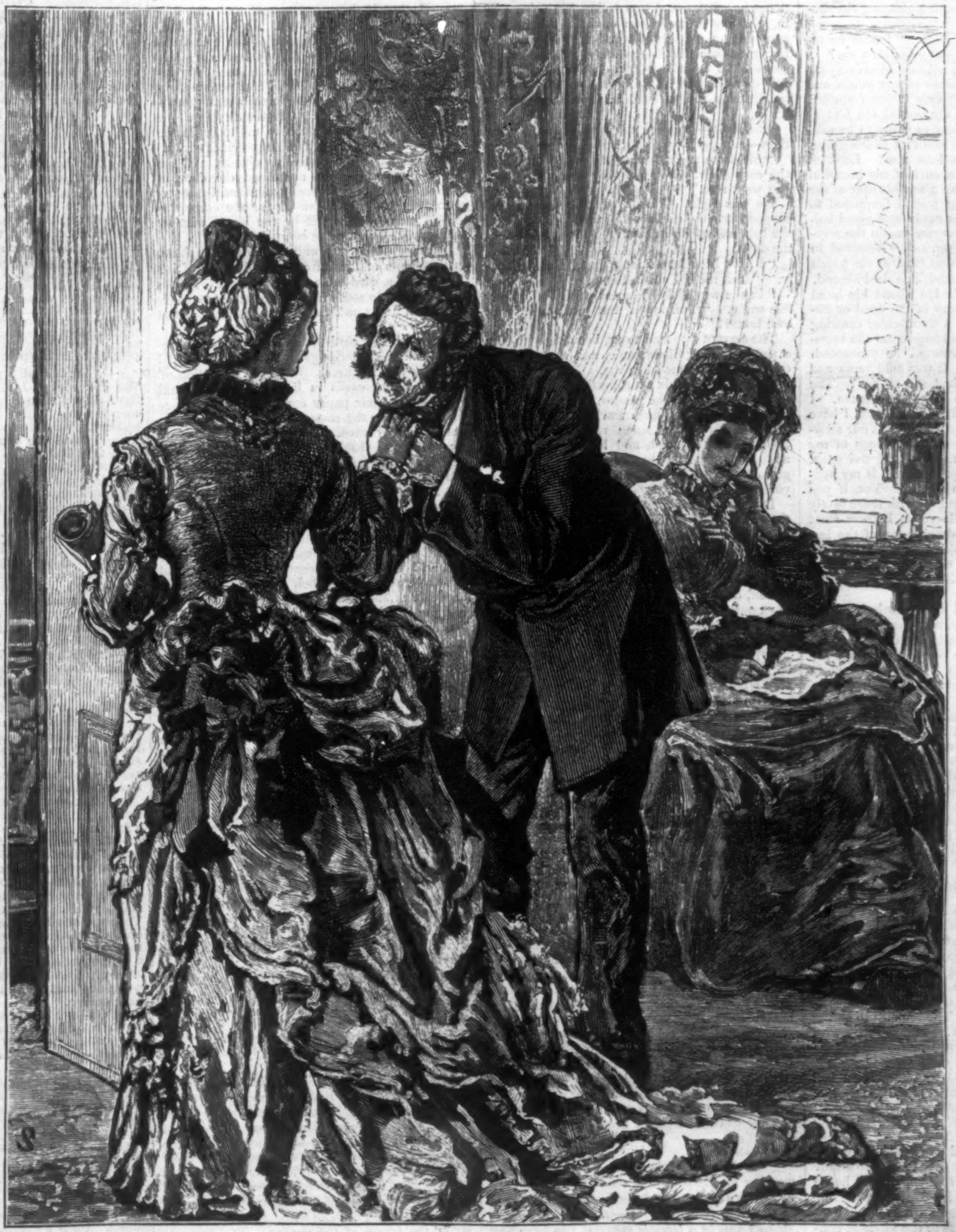
I had my end still to gain; and, being (as you will have discovered by this time) the most obstinate of living women, I still kept that end in view.

"I shall be delighted to meet Lady Clarinda," I replied. "In the mean time—"

"I will get up a little dinner," proceeded the major, with a burst of enthusiasm. "You and I and Lady Clarinda. Our young prima donna shall come in the evening, and sing to us. Suppose we draw out the *menu?* My sweet friend, what is your favorite autumn soup?"

"In the mean time," I persisted, "to return to what we were speaking of just now—"

The major's smile vanished; the major's hand dropped the pen, des-



"I WILL JOIN YOU IN A FEW MINUTES. *AU REVOIR*, MY CHARMING PUPIL—*AU REVOIR*."

tined to immortalize the name of my favorite autumn soup.

"*Must* we return to that?" he asked, piteously.

"Only for a moment," I said.

"You remind me," pursued Major Fitz-David, shaking his head sadly, "of another charming friend of mine—a French friend—Madame Mirliflore. You are a person of prodigious tenacity of purpose. Madame Mirliflore is a person of prodigious tenacity of purpose. She happens to be in London. Shall we have her at our little dinner?" The major brightened at the idea, and took up the pen again. "Do tell me," he said, "what *is* your favorite autumn soup?"

"Pardon me," I began, "we were speaking just now—"

"Oh, dear me!" cried Major Fitz-David. "Is this the other subject?"

"Yes—this is the other subject."

The major put down his pen for the second time, and regretfully dismissed from his mind Madame Mirliflore and the autumn soup.

"Yes?" he said, with a patient bow and a submissive smile. "You were going to say—"

"I was going to say," I rejoined, "that your promise only pledges you not to tell the secret which my husband is keeping from me. You have given no promise not to answer me if I venture to ask you one or two questions."

Major Fitz-David held up his hand warningly, and cast a sly look at me out of his bright little gray eyes.

"Stop!" he said. "My sweet friend, stop there! I know where your questions will lead me, and what the result will be if I once begin to answer them. When your husband was here to-day he took occasion to remind me that I was as weak as water in the hands of a pretty woman. He is quite right. I *am* as weak as water; I can refuse nothing to a pretty woman. Dear and admirable lady, don't abuse your influence! don't make an old soldier false to his word of honor!"

I tried to say something here in defense of my motives. The major clasped his hands entreatingly, and looked at me with a pleading simplicity wonderful to see.

"Why press it?" he asked. "I offer no resistance. I am a lamb—why sacrifice me? I acknowledge your power; I throw myself on your mercy. All the misfortunes of my youth and my manhood have come to me through women. I am not a bit better in my age—I am just as fond of the women and just as ready to be misled by them as ever, with one foot in the grave. Shocking, isn't it? But how true! Look at this mark!" He lifted a curl of his beautiful brown wig, and showed me a terrible scar at the side of his head. "That wound (supposed to be mortal at the time) was made by a pistol bullet," he proceeded. "Not received in the service of my country—oh dear, no! Received in the service of a much injured lady, at the hands of her scoundrel of a husband, in a duel abroad. Well, she was worth it." He kissed his hand affectionately to the memory of the dead or absent lady, and pointed to a water-color drawing of a pretty country-house hanging on the opposite wall. "That fine estate," he proceeded, "once belonged to me. It was sold years and years since. And who had the money? The women—God bless them all!—the women. I don't regret it. If I had another estate, I have no doubt it would go the same way. Your adorable sex has made its pretty playthings of my life, my time, and my money—and welcome! The one thing I have kept to myself is my honor. And now *that* is in danger. Yes, if you put your clever little questions, with those lovely eyes and with that gentle voice, I know what will happen. You will deprive me of the last and best of all my possessions. Have I deserved to be treated in that way, and by you, my charming friend?—by you, of all people in the world? Oh, fie! fie!"

He paused and looked at me as before—the picture of artless entreaty, with his head a little on one side. I made another attempt to speak of the matter in dispute between us, from my own point of view. Major Fitz-David instantly threw himself prostrate on my mercy more innocently than ever.

"Ask of me any thing else in the wide world," he said; "but don't ask me to be false to my friend. Spare me *that*—and there is nothing I will not do to satisfy you. I mean what I say, mind!" he went on, bending closer to me, and speaking more seriously than he had spoken yet. "I think you are very hardly used. It is monstrous to expect that a woman, placed in your situation, will consent to be left for the rest of her life in the dark. No! no! if I saw you, at this moment, on the point of finding out for yourself what Eustace persists in hiding from you, I should remember that my promise, like all other promises, has its limits and reserves. I should consider myself bound in honor not to help you—but I would not lift a finger to prevent you from discovering the truth for yourself."

At last he was speaking in good earnest: he laid a strong emphasis on his closing words. I laid a stronger emphasis on them still, by suddenly leaving my chair. The impulse to spring to my feet was irresistible. Major Fitz-David had started a new idea in my mind.

"Now we understand each other!" I said. "I will accept your own terms, major. I will ask nothing of you but what you have just offered to me of your own accord."

"What have I offered?" he inquired, looking a little alarmed.

"Nothing that you need repent of," I answered; "nothing which is not easy for you to grant. May I ask a bold question? Suppose this house was mine instead of yours?"

"Consider it yours," cried the gallant old gentleman. "From the garrets to the kitchen, consider it yours!"

"A thousand thanks, major; I will consider it mine for the moment. You know—every body knows—that one of a woman's many weaknesses is curiosity. Suppose my curiosity led me to examine every thing in my new house?"

"Yes?"

"Suppose I went from room to room, and searched every thing, and peeped in every where? Do you think there would be any chance—"

The quick-witted major anticipated the nature of my question. He followed my example; he too started to his feet, with a new idea in his mind.

"Would there be any chance," I went on, "of my finding my own way to my husband's secret in this house? One word of reply, Major Fitz-David! Only one word—Yes or No?"

"Don't excite yourself!" cried the major.

"Yes or No?" I repeated, more vehemently than ever.

"Yes," said the major, after a moment's consideration.

It was the reply I had asked for; but it was not explicit enough, now I had got it, to satisfy me. I felt the necessity of leading him (if possible) into details.

"Does 'Yes' mean that there is some sort of clew to the mystery?" I asked. "Something, for instance, which my eyes might see and my hands might touch if I could only find it?"

He considered again. I saw that I had succeeded in interesting him in some way unknown to myself; and I waited patiently until he was prepared to answer me.

"The thing you mention," he said, "the clew (as you call it), might be seen and might be touched—supposing you could find it."

"In this house?" I asked.

The major advanced a step nearer to me, and answered,

"In this room."

My head began to swim; my heart throbbed violently. I tried to speak: it was in vain; the effort almost choked me. In the silence I could hear the music-lesson still going on in the room above. The future prima donna had done practicing her scales, and was trying her voice now in selections from Italian operas. At the moment when I first heard her she was singing the lovely air from the *Sonnambula*, "Come per me sereno." I never hear that delicious melody, to this day, without being instantly transported in imagination to the fatal back-room in Vivian Place.

The major—strongly affected himself by this time—was the first to break the silence.

"Sit down again," he said; "and pray take the easy-chair. You are very much agitated; you want rest."

He was right. I could stand no longer; I dropped into the chair. Major Fitz-David rang the bell, and spoke a few words to the servant at the door.

"I have been here a long time," I said, faintly. "Tell me if I am in the way."

"In the way?" he repeated, with his irresistible smile. "You forget that you are in your own house!"

The servant returned to us, bringing with him a tiny bottle of Champagne, and a plateful of delicate little sugared biscuits.

"I have had this wine bottled expressly for the ladies," said the major. "The biscuits came to me direct from Paris. As a favor to *me* you must take some refreshment. And then—" He stopped, and looked at me very attentively. "And then," he resumed, "shall I go to my young prima donna up stairs, and leave you here alone?"

It was impossible to hint more delicately at the one request which I now had it in my mind to make to him. I took his hand and pressed it gratefully.

"The tranquillity of my whole life to come is at stake," I said. "When I am left here by myself, does your generous sympathy permit me to examine every thing in the room?"

He signed to me to drink the Champagne and to eat a biscuit before he gave his answer.

"This is serious," he said. "I wish you to be in perfect possession of yourself. Restore your strength—and then I will speak to you."

I did as he bade me. In a minute from the time when I drank it the delicious sparkling wine had begun to revive me.

"Is it your express wish," he resumed, "that I should leave you here by yourself to search the room?"

"It is my express wish," I answered.

"I take a heavy responsibility on myself in granting your request. But I grant it for all that, because I sincerely believe—as you believe—that the tranquillity of your life to come depends on your discovering the truth." Saying those words, he took two keys from his pocket. "You will naturally feel a suspicion," he went on, "of any locked doors that you may find here. The only locked places in the room are the doors of the cupboards under the long book-case, and the door of the Italian cabinet in that corner. The small key opens the book-case cupboards; the long key opens the cabinet door."

With that explanation, he laid the keys before me on the table.

"Thus far," he said, "I have rigidly respected the promise which I made to your husband. I shall continue to be faithful to my promise, whatever may be the result of your examination of the room. I am bound in honor not to assist you by word or deed. I am not even at liberty to offer you the slightest hint. Is that understood?"

"Certainly!"

"Very good. I have now a last word of warning to give you—and then I have done. If you do by any chance succeed in laying your hand on the clew, remember this—*the discovery which follows will be a terrible one.* If you have any doubt about your capacity to sustain a shock which will strike you to the soul, for God's sake give up the idea of finding out your husband's secret at once and forever!"

"I thank you for your warning, major. I must face the consequences of making the discovery, whatever they may be."

"You are positively resolved?"

"Positively."

"Very well. Take any time you please. The house, and every person in it, are at your disposal. Ring the bell once if you want the man-servant. Ring twice if you wish the house-maid to wait on you. From time to time I shall just look in myself to see how you are going on. I am responsible for your comfort and security, you know, while you honor me by remaining under my roof."

He lifted my hand to his lips, and fixed a last attentive look on me.

"I hope I am not running too great a risk," he said—more to himself than to me. "The women have led me into many a rash action in my time. Have *you* led me, I wonder, into the rashest action of all?"

With those ominous last words he bowed gravely, and left me alone in the room.

CHAPTER X.

THE SEARCH.

The fire burning in the grate was not a very large one; and the outer air (as I had noticed on my way to the house) had something of a wintry sharpness in it that day.

Still, my first feeling, when Major Fitz-David left me, was a feeling of heat and oppression, with its natural result, a difficulty in breathing freely. The nervous agitation of the time was, I suppose, answerable for these sensations. I took off my bonnet and mantle and gloves, and opened the window for a little while. Nothing was to be seen outside but a paved court-yard, with a sky-light in the middle, closed at the farther end by the wall of the major's stables. A few minutes at the window cooled and refreshed me. I shut it down again, and took my first step on the way to discovery. In other words, I began my first examination of the four walls round me, and of all that they inclosed.

I was amazed at my own calmness. My interview with Major Fitz-David had, perhaps, exhausted my capacity for feeling any strong emotion, for the time at least. It was a relief to me to be alone; it was a relief to me to begin the search. Those were my only sensations so far.

The shape of the room was oblong. Of the two shorter walls, one contained the door in grooves which I have already mentioned as communicating with the front-room; the other was almost entirely occupied by the broad window which looked out on the court-yard.

Taking the doorway wall first, what was there, in the shape of furniture, on either side of it? There was a card-table on either side. Above each card-table stood a magnificent china bowl, placed on a gilt and carved bracket fixed to the wall.

I opened the card-tables. The drawers beneath contained nothing but cards, and the usual counters and markers. With the exception of one pack, the cards in both tables were still wrapped in their paper covers exactly as they had come from the shop. I examined the loose pack, card by card. No writing, no mark of any kind, was visible on any one of them. Assisted by a library ladder which stood against the book-case, I looked next into the two china bowls. Both were perfectly empty. Was there any thing more to examine on that side of the room? In the two corners there were two little chairs of inlaid wood, with red silk cushions. I turned them up and looked under the cushions, and still I made no discoveries. When I had put the chairs back in their places my search on one side of the room was complete. So far, I had found nothing.

I crossed to the opposite wall, the wall which contained the window.

The window (occupying, as I have said, almost the entire length and height of the wall) was divided into three compartments, and was adorned at either extremity by handsome curtains of dark red velvet. The ample heavy folds of the velvet left just room at the two corners of the wall for two little upright cabinets in buhl, containing rows of drawers, and supporting two fine bronze reproductions (reduced in size) of the Venus Milo and the Venus Callipyge. I had Major Fitz-David's permission to do just what I pleased. I opened the six drawers in each cabinet, and examined their contents without hesitation.

Beginning with the cabinet in the right-hand corner, my investigations were soon completed. All the six drawers were alike occupied by a collection of fossils, which (judging by the curious paper inscriptions fixed on some of them) were associated with a past period of the major's life when he had speculated, not very successfully, in mines. After satisfying myself that the drawers contained nothing but the fossils and their inscriptions, I turned to the cabinet in the left-hand corner next.

Here a variety of objects was revealed to view, and the examination accordingly occupied a much longer time.

The top drawer contained a complete collection of carpenter's tools in miniature, relics probably of the far-distant time when the major was a boy, and when parents or friends had made him a present of a set of toy tools. The second drawer was filled with toys of another sort—presents made to Major Fitz-David by his fair friends. Embroidered braces, smart smoking-caps, quaint pincushions, gorgeous slippers, glittering purses, all bore witness to the popularity of the friend of the women. The contents of the third drawer were of a less interesting sort: the entire space was filled with old account-books, ranging over a period of many years. After looking into each book, and opening and shaking it uselessly, in search of any loose papers which might be hidden between the leaves, I came to the fourth drawer, and found more relics of past pecuniary transactions in the shape of receipted bills, neatly tied together, and each inscribed at the back. Among the bills I found nearly a dozen loose papers, all equally unimportant. The fifth drawer was in sad confusion. I took out first a loose bundle of ornamental cards, each containing the list of dishes at past banquets given or attended by the major in London and Paris; next, a box full of delicately tinted quill pens (evidently a lady's gift); next, a quantity of old invitation cards; next, some dog's-eared French plays and books of the opera; next, a pocket-corkscrew, a bundle of cigarettes, and a bunch of rusty keys; lastly, a passport, a set of luggage labels, a broken silver snuff-box, two cigar-cases, and a torn map of Rome. "Nothing any where to interest *me*," I thought, as I closed the fifth, and opened the sixth and last drawer.

The sixth drawer was at once a surprise and a disappointment. It literally contained nothing but the fragments of a broken vase.

I was sitting, at the time, opposite to the cabinet, in a low chair. In the momentary irritation caused by my discovery of the emptiness of the last drawer, I had just lifted my foot to push it back into its place, when the door communicating with the hall opened, and Major Fitz-David stood before me.

His eyes, after first meeting mine, traveled downward to my foot. The instant he noticed the open drawer I saw a change in his face. It was only for a moment; but in that moment he looked at me with a sudden suspicion and surprise—looked as if he had caught me with my hand on the clew.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PERSONAL.

It is pleasant to know that Colonel FITZGERALD and his five handsome and good sons are doing a large and profitable business with their *All-day and Every-day City Item*, of which from seven to ten editions are printed daily. Philadelphia has no more interesting or enterprising journal, and no more capable and agreeable journalists than the FITZGERALDS.

—Dr. A. M. RUPPANER, of this city, late United States Commissioner to Vienna, has received the compliment of election as corresponding member of the Imperial Royal Society of Physicians in Vienna. The conferment of this dignity implies a recognition of distinguished literary services rendered to science. The letter accompanying the diploma is signed by President ROKITANSKY, Count von Schroff, and Professor KOOB, and it is couched in the following terms:

> "We have the honor to send you, in the name of the Imperial Royal Society of Physicians of Vienna, inclosed the diploma of corresponding member, to which you have been elected at the annual meeting of the society, held in Vienna March 27, 1874. While the society hereby gives you this expression of its special esteem, it hopes at the same time that you may be pleased to contribute in the future to its scientific objects and progress as in time past."

—On the 21st of September last took place in the Tabernacle, London, the baptism of Mr. SPURGEON's twin boys. The ceremony of immersion was performed by Mr. SPURGEON himself in the presence of a large congregation, and he addressed the youths on the profession of faith they had made. They are both preparing for the ministry.

—Mr. JAMES REDPATH paid Mr. BEECHER one thousand dollars for the lecture delivered in Boston Music-Hall on the evening of October 13—the largest price ever paid for a lecture in Boston.

—The clever New York correspondent of the Rochester *Democrat* says it is reported that Mr. A. T. STEWART intends to erect, by-and-by, on the ground now occupied by BARNUM's Hippodrome, a grand retail store, to secure the great trade that now comes down Fourth Avenue from the hundred trains that daily enter the Grand Central Dépôt.

—Earl DUFFERIN, Governor-General of Canada, and Lady DUFFERIN have been spending a few days in New York, enjoying themselves in a quiet way, and quite free from aldermanic hospitality, and that sort of thing. The Secretary of the Treasury gave orders to all collectors and officers of the revenue on the frontier that all the trunks and things of the Governor and suit should be passed without opening. It was not supposed at the Treasury that there would be any extensive or concerted plan of smuggling.

—The Earl and Countess of Cavan have arrived in Kingston, Canada, where they will spend a few days, and where the earl will preach.

—The Grand Duke ALEXIS, of Russia, has presented to the Mechanics' Association of Lowell, Massachusetts, a valuable collection of books, in memory of his visit to that city.

—Some expert Italian brigands recently caught and bagged a prelate of high degree, Monsignor TESDOLI, and held him in very close but polite custody until his friends paid the sum of ten thousand dollars, which the brigands considered a proper figure for a first-class prelate. There are fears that the brigands of sunny Italy may come over and look in at our General Episcopal Convention.

—It is stated to be strictly true that the Rev. W. J. TUCKER, of Manchester, New Hampshire, has declined a $10,000 per annum call to a Congregational church in this city. His present salary is $2500.

—Mr. FORSTER and Sir FOWELL BUXTON were actively entertained during their week's stay in New York, and are now seeing the West. On the evening of October 10 they were taken to Tammany Hall by Mr. HEWITT to see how candidates for office are put on the American course. The spectacle was refreshing, if not edifying. On Sunday they went to Brooklyn to hear Mr. BEECHER preach, and next day were off for Niagara and beyond.

—Mr. MAGILDER speaks it so as to be understood. He is a candidate for Congress in Colorado. In a card to his constituents he says: "I promise to have a switch put in at the county seat in fifteen minutes after my election; I pledge myself to produce rain whenever needed, thereby avoiding the necessity of irrigation; I will banish the grasshoppers from our land, and render the El Dorado of the West a Garden of Eden; I will work for nothing and board myself."

—Mr. Goldwin Smith has introduced at Cornell University one of the pleasant customs that prevail at Oxford, that of annually inviting the members of the Senior Class to dine with him at the close of his lecture course.

—M. Fougerays, a dandy and journalist, and clever in both, is remarkable in Paris for an apparent indifference to every thing. He was blackballed at a club, and on inquiring why, was told that many gentlemen had opposed him because they thought him too cold. "Ah!" he said; "that would be reasonable if I had come before them as a dish of soup."

—President White, of Cornell University, is decidedly in favor of industrial exhibitions, and believes that they are among the leading elements of modern modes of thought. He says: "The greatest modern warfare is rapidly becoming an industrial warfare. Every great nation is recognizing this. But the most striking thing about it is a change in its methods. The old system of waging war by tariffs and bounties is yielding to the system of developing national taste and skill by technical education. That is the meaning of the great expositions of industry for the last twenty-five years."

—Mr. William Cullen Bryant, before leaving his native town of Cummington, Massachusetts, where he has been during the summer, left substantial tokens of his generosity with the poor of the church.

—There died a few weeks since in England a clergyman who for many years enjoyed one of the softest things ever known to the pension list. His name was Thomas Thurlow, nephew of Lord Thurlow, and son of the Bishop of Durham of that day. The matter is of public interest only because with him dies a pension of about $60,000 a year, which he, as the last of three lives, enjoyed through the abolition of certain offices held in olden times by relatives of Lord Chancellor Thurlow. He was eighty-seven years of age.

—Of Governor Dix, the Auburn *Advertiser* says: "When the Governor began his address in reply to Mayor Ross's welcome at the dépôt to-day in his full, clear, round voice, which could be heard distinctly in every quarter of the spacious dépôt, we overheard a gentleman remark to a friend, 'Why, I'd made up my mind that the Governor was a man of sixty years of age or more, but I guess he isn't more than fifty.'"

—The correspondent of the Russian *Gazette de l'Académie* writes that an Englishman of the name of Hobham was organizing a colossal undertaking, which was to cost 5,000,000 rubles, and was nothing less than the diversion of the waters of the Arpa-chai into channels to be cut throughout the length and breadth of the vast desert of Sardar Abad to fertilize it. The work is begun, and Mr. Hobham is now endeavoring to induce 100,000 Irish and German emigrants to settle on the reclaimed lands.

—Mr. Walker, Mayor of Liverpool, has done the correct thing for that city, viz., agreed to erect at an expense of $100,000 an art gallery. The corner-stone was laid a few days since by the Duke of Edinburgh, and in the evening followed the usual banquet. No Englishman does any thing of the $100,000 sort without a dinner.

—Kuneberg, a Swedish poet, who has for some years been ill at Helsingfors, in Finland, has been studying the habits of birds, especially in regard to the causes of migration. He believes that the longing of birds for light is the sole impulse which causes them to vibrate between northern and southern lands. They seek the richest light.

—The foreign ministers have all returned to Washington from their summer vacation, with the exception of the dean of the corps, Sir Edward Thornton, who is now due from England.

—The late Gardner Brewer left an estate valued at about five millions of dollars, said to be the largest amount ever left by a Boston man.

—The salary of $40,000 per annum paid to President Jewett, of the Erie Railway, is the largest paid to any railroad official in the United States, and, it is believed, larger than any paid to any railway officer in the world.

—Mr. William A. Blanchard, of Philadelphia, who died a few days since, was a veteran among publishers, and respected by those who knew him. He was in the house of Carey, Lea, & Blanchard from the time of Matthew Carey, and was the responsible head of the house from 1833 to 1865, when he was succeeded by his junior partner, Henry C. Lea. Mr. Blanchard was in intimate business and personal relations with a generation of authors now passed away—Cooper, Irving, Paulding, Kennedy, on this side of the ocean; Scott, Dickens, and many less illustrious men on the other, whose works were for a long series of years introduced to American readers through the agency of his house.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Henry Howorth contributed some time ago to *Nature* an interesting letter in reference to the distribution of volcanoes on the earth. He adduces abundant evidence, namely, the testimony of many Russian and other travelers, to show that Humboldt was quite in error in supposing that a region of volcanoes and volcanic action existed in the interior of Asia. Fires, indeed, are found there, produced by the ignition of seams of coal and of streams of carbureted hydrogen gas, but of volcanoes proper there is not a trace, either in the interior of China or in the region of the Himalaya Mountains. With the establishment of this fact disappears the only exception known to the rule that volcanoes, instead of being found chiefly on areas of elevation, are invariably found in areas of depression, or close to the boundary lines which separate them from the areas of elevation. This general rule seems to be first distinctly established by Howorth's inquiry, the result of which is that all the large land surfaces of the earth—the large continental and insular surfaces—are more or less in process of gradual or rapid elevation. There are a few small areas of depression on the outskirts and borders of the great land masses, but these are very local and unimportant, and with this slight exception the continents of America, Asia, Europe, Africa, and Australia are all more or less rising. This necessitates a corresponding sinking of the surfaces covered with water. Evidences of this latter fact are not easy to find, although they exist. Having shown this generalization, the fact becomes still more striking that we shall search in vain among the large areas of upheaval, except along their boundaries and fringes, for any active volcanoes.

It is understood that efforts are being made to revive the project of a British arctic expedition for the coming season, and strong hopes are entertained by those interested that it may be successfully accomplished.

Among recent deaths is that of Dr. Charles T. Beke, at the age of seventy-four. Dr. Beke was well known as a traveler, for which he had excellent qualifications in the way of careful study. His earliest publications of any magnitude consisted of *Researches in Primeval History*, the first volume of which appeared in 1834. In 1848, starting from Zanzibar, he attempted, like so many other travelers, the discovery of the sources of the Nile; and as an explorer he is best known for his researches in Eastern Africa, which have added much to our knowledge of the geography and condition of that continent. His latest undertaking, which took place in 1873, was a visit to Arabia, for the purpose of determining the position of the true Mount Sinai, which he contended had been erroneously identified.

An important paper upon the geographical distribution of Asiatic birds has lately been published by Mr. H. J. Elwes, in the Proceedings of the London Zoological Society. This is the first attempt that has been made to determine accurately the number and boundaries of the zoological provinces of that continent, although Dr. Sclater and other eminent writers have sketched out the subject before in a general way.

His primary division is into a Palæ-arctic region and an Indo-Malay region, of which the former embraces by far the greater portion of the continent, including, indeed, every thing continental excepting the southern portion, south of China and the Himalaya Mountains.

The Palæ-arctic region is divided into the Siberian or Boreal sub-region, including Siberia and the Amoor lands; the Mongolian sub-region, embracing Thibet, Tartary, Turkestan, and the Caspian Sea, etc.; the Mediterraneo-Persic region, which extends through Europe and includes the northern coast of the Mediterranean Sea even to the Atlantic Ocean as far north as 45°, the Black Sea, the shores of the Red Sea, Arabia, Persia, Afghanistan, Beloochistan, etc.

The Indo-Malay region is divided into the Himalo-Chinese sub-region, which includes the greater portion of Southern China, Burmah, Siam, and the mountainous portions of Hindostan, Ceylon, Malaya, and Sumatra.

The Malayan region includes the lowlands of Malaya, Sumatra, and Borneo.

It is a remarkable fact, as compared with North America, that the zoological provinces of Asia are bounded by parallels of latitude, and extend continuously from east to west, instead of being bounded by degrees of longitude. This is probably mainly owing to the general direction of the great mountain regions, especially that of the Himalayas, from east to west instead of north and south.

During his lifetime Dr. Torrey, the eminent mineralogist and botanist, lately deceased, and for many years United States Assayer in New York, took special pains to collect a cabinet of American ores and minerals, which embraced a large number of very valuable specimens, and was given by him to his son, H. Gray Torrey, who succeeded him in his office.

Mr. Torrey has lately presented this collection to the government, which has authorized the erection of suitable cases in the Assay Office, and bearing the name of the Torrey Memorial Cabinet. He proposes to extend the collection as far as possible in the same direction, and invites contributions from those who have any specimens of the kind to spare either as an absolute donation, or as an exchange for such duplicates as he may have it in his power to furnish.

The collection being thus a public one, and placed where it will be of very great service in determining the character of ores brought in for examination, it is to be hoped that the invitation of Mr. Torrey will meet a hearty response, and the collection be greatly enlarged.

Professor Charles F. Hartt, of Cornell University, sailed from New York on the 5th of September for Brazil, *via* Europe, this making the third or fourth trip to that country for the purpose of prosecuting inquiries into its natural history and ethnology. The present object is said to be an examination of the gold and diamond region to the north of Rio Janeiro, and also the southern glacial drift. He will also, as heretofore, probably make use of any opportunity in prosecuting researches into the archæology and ethnology of the great empire.

Professor George Little has been appointed State Geologist of Georgia under the recent law authorizing a survey. According to the Georgia *Daily Constitution*, Professor Little was for many years Assistant State Geologist of Mississippi, and as such associated with Professor Hilgard, now of Ann Arbor.

The death of Professor F. A. Pouchet took place at Rouen in July last, at the age of seventy-three. Professor Pouchet is best known by his labors in the direction of spontaneous generation and spontaneous ovulation, on which subjects he published largely, and greatly influenced the tendency of scientific opinion in regard to them. He has more recently been engaged in a series of controversies in the Academy of Science with Professor Pasteur in reference to many subjects. Indeed, it was only necessary for Pasteur to bring forward a series of propositions to have them attacked, usually unsuccessfully, however, by his antagonist.

The expedition sent out under the auspices of the Treasury Department for the investigation of the fur-seal rookeries of the North Pacific, and especially on the Pribylov Islands, consisting of Mr. Henry W. Elliott and Lieutenant Maynard, of the navy, has been heard from to the date of the 8th of July. The party was then at the island of St. George, which they had reached from Alaska. During the year which had elapsed since Mr. Elliott's last visit he was satisfied that there had been no material diminution or alteration otherwise of the numbers of the fur seals. He and his companion expected to leave St. George in a few days, and proceed thence to the islands of St. Matthew, St. Lawrence, the Diomedes, St. Michael, and to Nunivak, after which they would return to San Francisco.

As might have been expected, nearly all the European expeditions for the observation of the transit of Venus have received instructions to make collections and observations in other branches of science than that of astronomy; and the Germans being especially interested in the subject of ethnology, very elaborate instructions for observation have been prepared by Professor Virchow. In these attention is particularly invited to the investigation of prehistoric remains among the Polynesian and Melanesian islands, and in regard to the distribution of domestic animals therein, the determination of the boundaries between the Negritos, the Papuans, and the Australians, as also any mixture with them of the Malays. Inquiries are to be made as to the distribution of sundry peculiarities in the arts, such as that of manufacturing vessels of clay, and the extent of the use of certain arms. Particular attention is called likewise to the articles of food, and to the degree to which animal substances enter as nutriment; also where salt is dispensed with, and the amount of use of human flesh as compared with other substances.

Advices from Lieutenant Cameron have been received in London, giving an account of his journey from Unyanyembe to Ujiji, in which he passed over a new route lying between those of Captain Burton and of Stanley. He has, it is said, settled the question of the absolute height of Lake Tanganyika above the sea, from which we learn that it belongs to the basin of the Congo rather than to that of the Nile. Lieutenant Cameron obtained a map, belonging to Dr. Livingstone, of that portion of the country explored by the deceased geographer, which throws much light upon his labors. Lieutenant Cameron intends to continue his geographical explorations, and funds are very earnestly solicited for his assistance.

We welcome the addition to the scientific serials in the United States of the Bulletin of the Science Department of Cornell University, of which Nos. 1 and 2 of Vol. I. have just been published. These are well-printed, stout pamphlets, and suitably illustrated. No. 1 consists of a Preliminary Report of the Morgan Expeditions, in the form of a reconnaissance of the Lower Tapajos, by Professor Hartt, and a paper on the Carboniferous Brachiopoda of Itaituba, Rio Tapajos, province of Pará, Brazil, by Professor O. A. Derby. By the Morgan Expeditions is to be understood the series of visits for several successive years made by Professor Hartt for the purpose of explorations in natural history and ethnology, the expense of which was borne in greater part by Colonel Edwin B. Morgan, of Aurora, New York.

Reports of other researches by these expeditions have also been published in the Bulletin of the Buffalo Society of Natural Science, as drawn up by Professor Hartt and Mr. Richard Rathbun.

The valuable services rendered by Pasteur, the eminent microscopist, especially in reference to the best methods of preventing the silkworm disease, and of the preparation of wine and beer, have been acknowledged by the French National Assembly by the grant of a pension of 12,000 francs, half of which is to go to his widow after his death.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

An Irish priest was traveling on a Friday from Enniskillen to Ballyshannon, at the latter of which the coach passengers, only four in number, were to dine. At one end of the table was a joint of coarse fat pork, and at the other a large fine fried sole. His reverence helped himself at once to the latter, simply observing, "It is fast-day with me, gentlemen," when instantly a great fellow with red whiskers reached across the table, and cutting the fish in two, took half of it, with the remark, "Bad luck to ye, do ye think nobody has a soul to be saved but yerself?"

"Sponge baths" are recommended. The best way to get one is to go to some bath-room, take a bath, and tell the proprietor to charge it.

A teacher had been explaining to his class the points of the compass, and all were drawn up facing toward the north. "Now what's before you, John?" "The north, Sir." "And what behind you, Tommy?" "My coat tail, Sir," said he, trying at the same time to get a glimpse of it.

A loving husband once waited on a physician to request him to prescribe for his wife's eyes, which were very sore. "Let her wash them," said the doctor, "every morning with a small glass of brandy." A few weeks after the doctor chanced to meet the husband. "Well, my friend, has your wife followed my advice?" "She has done every thing in her power to do it, doctor," said the spouse, "but she never could get the glass higher than her mouth."

"I would do any thing to gratify you; I would go to the end of the world to please you," said a fervent lover to the object of his affections. "Well, Sir, go there, and stay, and I shall be pleased."

Perhaps the best specimen of open wit now in circulation is that of the London cabby's retort to the head of the Highland clan, M'Intosh. "Do you know who I am?" asked the haughty Highlander of a cab-man attempting, as M'Intosh thought, to overcharge him: "I'm the M'Intosh!" "I don't care," said the cabby, "if you were the Umbrella, I mean to have my fare."

Precaution is a good thing, but it must be allowed that it can be carried to extremes. For instance, a well-known house of business sends out prospectuses as follows: "A—— B——, Esq. (In the event of death, to his heir.)" Pleasant for the receiver, especially if old or in ailing health!

In Oxfordshire, England, lately the church-wardens of a certain parish received a circular that had been sent by direction of the bishop throughout the diocese, putting questions for each church-warden to answer as to the state of his parish on some moral and social points. Among the questions was the following: "Have you reason to think there is much immorality in your parish?" A farmer pondered on this for some time. The reputation of his parish, he felt at last, was bound to be maintained; so the answer, with many others, went back to the diocesan, "Pretty fairish."

A wife was enjoined by the doctor to give her husband all the delicacies she could procure, as there was no prospect of his recovery. Said the loving spouse, "Then what's the use of wasting dainty bits upon him if they won't cure him?"

"What's your business, my friend?" said Mr. O'Grady, Q.C., to a rough-looking specimen of the Emerald Isle. "Sure," returned the latter, "didn't Tim Mulroony's wife tell me yer honor was wantin' a boy!" "And do you call yourself a boy?" asked the barrister. "Why, do I look like a girl?" was Pat's quick rejoinder.

The magician who astonished his audience by changing a canary-bird into a rabbit has a formidable rival in the man who turned a bushel of potatoes into a barrel.

A worthy old farmer, who was being worried in his cross-examination by a lawyer in Maine, exclaimed, "Look here, squire, don't you ask a good many foolish questions?"

I clasped her tiny hand in mine; I vowed to shield her from the wind, and from the world's cold storms. She set her beauteous eye on me, and with her little lips said she, "An umbrella will do as well!"

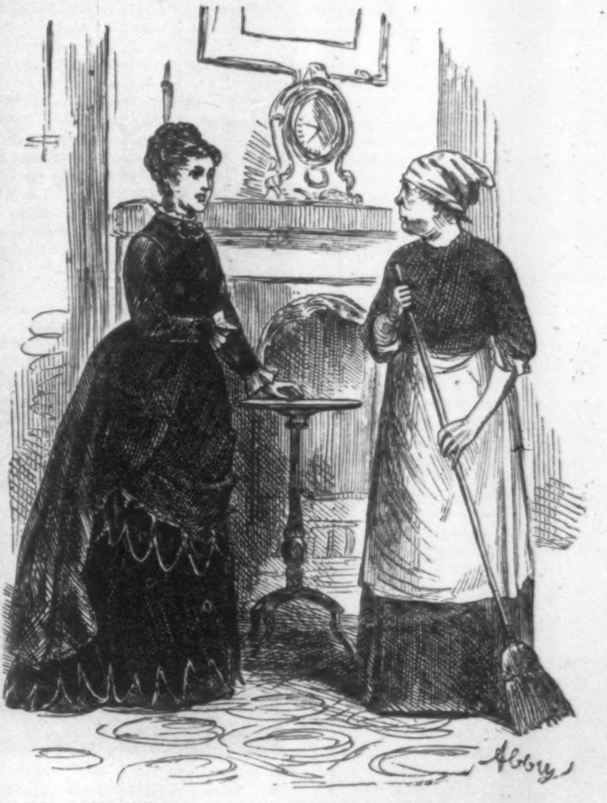
"Ah, ladies," said an old epicure, as he opened a bottle of wine, "what is more delightful than the popping of a Champagne cork?" "The popping of the question!" unanimously cried the ladies.

Queen Elizabeth, admiring the elegance of the Marquis of Medina, a Spanish nobleman, complimented him on it, begging at the same time to know who possessed the heart of so accomplished a cavalier. "Madam," said he, "a lover risks too much on such an occasion; but your Majesty's will is law. Excuse me, however, if I fear to name her, but request your Majesty's acceptance of her portrait." He sent her a looking-glass.

"You are writing my bill on very rough paper," said a client to his attorney. "Never mind," said the lawyer; "it has to be filed before it comes into court."

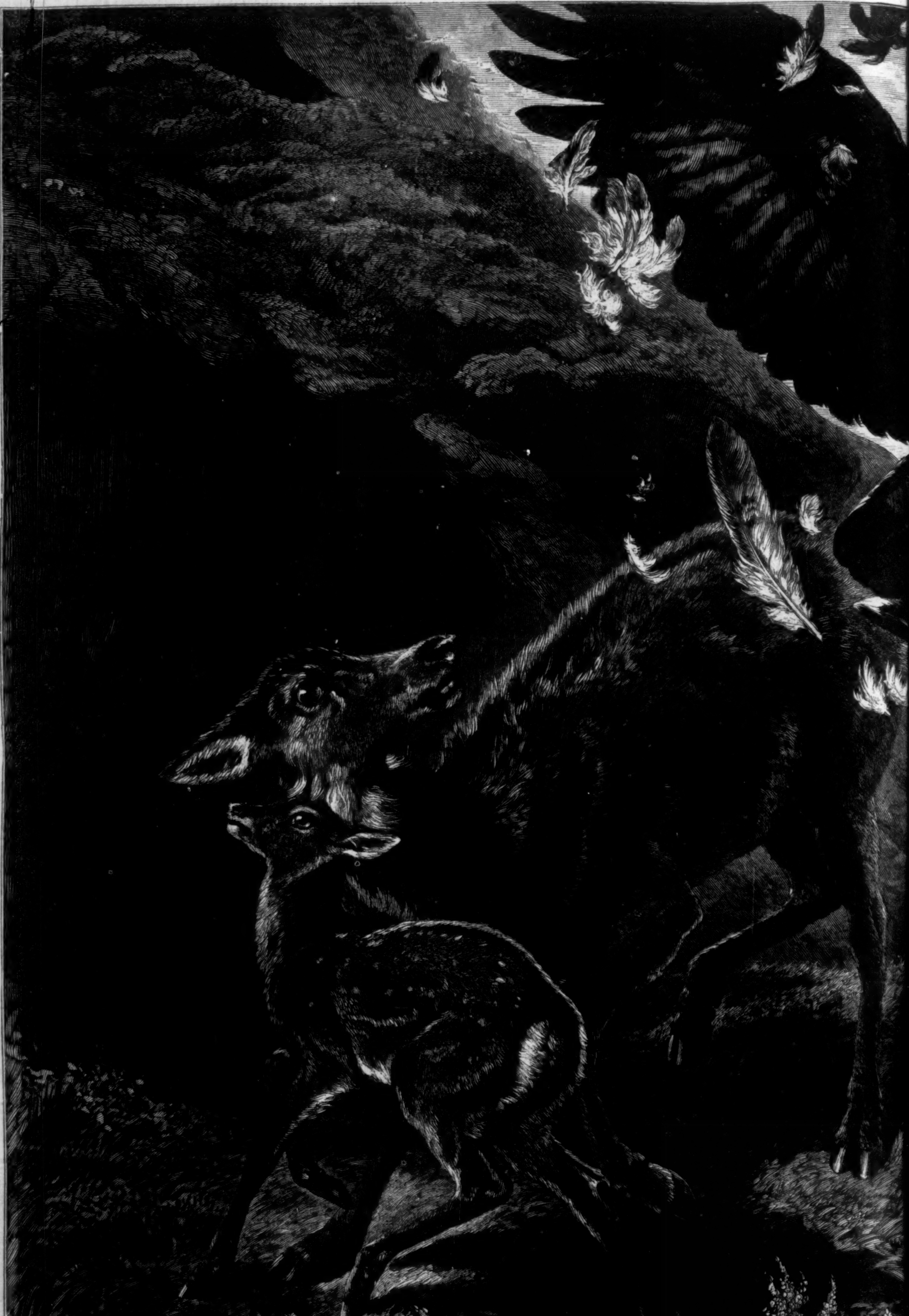
As a river boat was loading at La Crosse a large gray mule refused to go on board. The mate sung out to a deck hand, "Twist his tail and he'll come." Like Casabianca, that deck hand obeyed orders, and, like Casabianca, he nobly died.

A genuine bully called upon a "Friend" avowedly to thrash him. "Friend," remonstrated the Quaker, knocking down his visitor's fists, "before thou proceedest to chastise me, wilt thou not take some dinner?" The bully was a glutton, and at once consented, washing down the solids with libations of strong ale. He rose up again to fulfill his original errand. "Friend," said the Quaker, "wilt thou not first take some punch?" and he supplied abundance of punch. The bully, now staggering, attempted to thrash his entertainer; but quoth the Quaker, "Friend, wilt thou not take a pipe?" This hospitable offer was accepted, and the bully, utterly weak, staggered across the room to chastise the Quaker. The latter, opening the window, and pulling him toward it, thus addressed him: "Friend, thou camest hither not to be pacified. I gave thee a meat-offering, but that did not assuage thy rage; I gave thee a drink-offering, still thou wert beside thyself; I gave thee a burnt-offering, neither did that suffice; and now will I try thee with a heave-offering;" and with that he tossed him out of the window. That sufficed him.



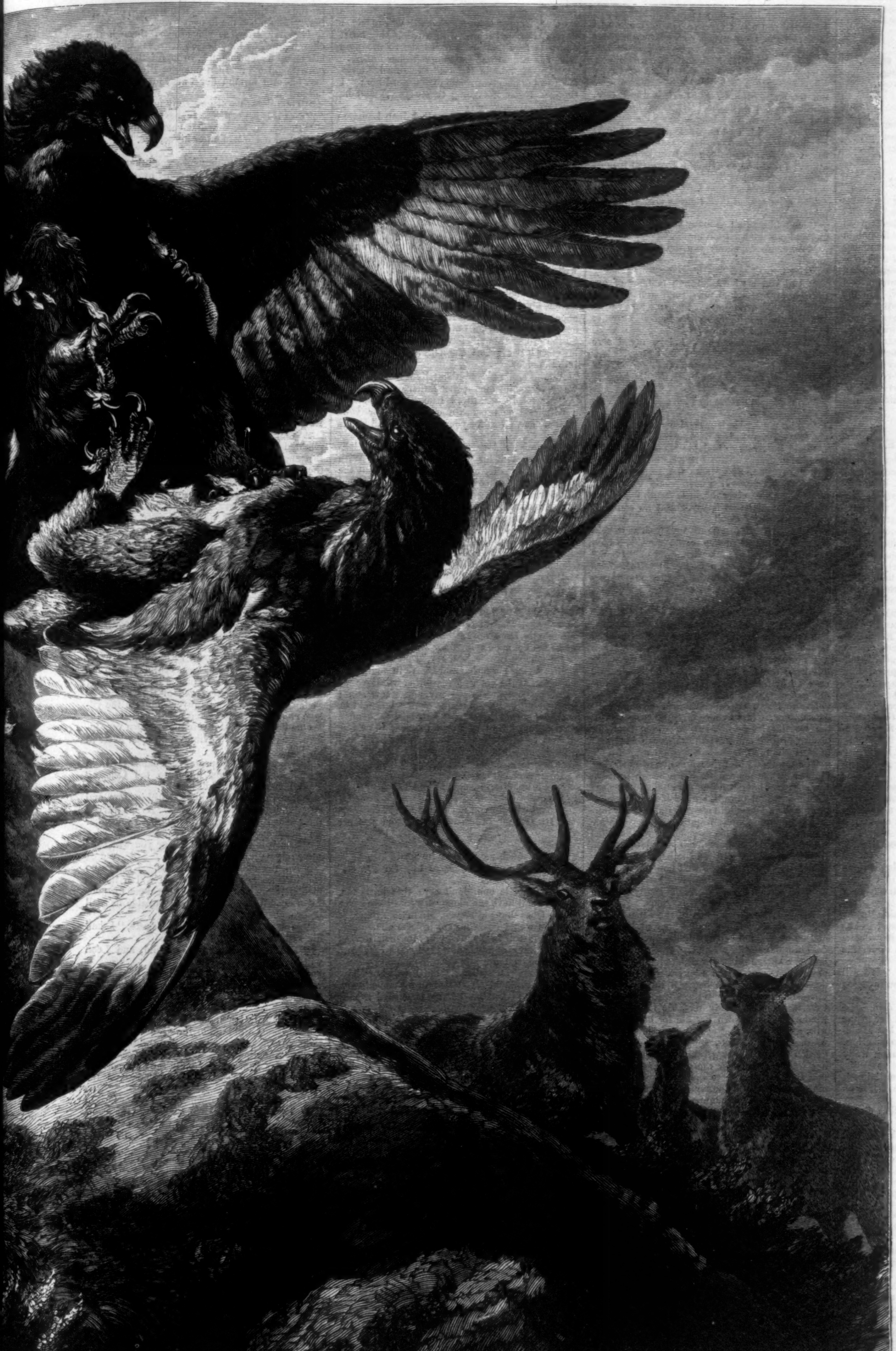
SAVED FROM CONTAMINATION.

Mistress. "Ann, what have you done with my great Family Bible?"
Ann. "Sure, ma'am, I chucked it behind the sofa, for fear the poor children might be looking at it."



Harper's Weekly, October 31, 1874.

A DUEL IN THE AIR—EAGLES F G OV



G OVER THEIR PREY.—[SEE PAGE 898.]

GOING.

FLYING, flying—
I watch the swallows flying,
Flitting south before November snows,
Leaving the delaying leaves a-dying,
Broken-hearted for the buried rose.

Follow, follow—
Every thing must follow;
Even the memory of the summer dies.
Follow, follow: good-by, happy swallow,
Flying southward as the summer flies.

A DUEL IN THE AIR.

OUR spirited double-page engraving illustrates an incident not infrequently witnessed in wild mountainous regions like the Alps, the Scottish Highlands, the Andes, and the Rocky Mountain ranges. Two enormous eagles, those robber barons of the air, have met on one of their maranding excursions. Both have swooped down from the clouds upon the same trembling and defenseless little fawn. The mother, with the brave instinct and affection of maternity, clings to the side of her offspring, but the savage birds would brush her aside like a feather with a single blow of their powerful wings and bear off their unresisting prey. Fortunately they never hunt in couples, and meet only to fight; and while the two marauders are engaged in deadly combat in the air, the gentle creatures may find safety in flight to some secure covert, where their enemies can not reach them.

CÉLESTE AND RENÉE.

THE people were flocking out of the little village church of Tourlaville, the aged women wearing the high Normandy cap that is, unfortunately, fast becoming a thing of the past. The men, rich farmers and their hired men, were gayly attired, with little sprigs of mignonette or oak leaves adorning their Sunday hats. Young women were not wanting in this rural church, and neatly dressed maidens, with skirts short enough to show their well-clad feet and finely formed ankles, followed, demurely signing themselves with the holy-water which the rude stone basin contained. Among the latter one was particularly noticeable, not only for the sadness which clouded her sweet face, but for the beauty of her fair hair and large gray eyes. Little Renée Lamare heaved a deep sigh as her fingers, dipped piously into the basin, touched those of a handsome young peasant, and the color spread over her cheeks, as a well-known voice whispered,

"Renée, hast thou forgotten me?"

She turned, and replied in a low voice, "Thou knowest, Pierre," and hastened out of the porch.

As she stood sadly gazing upon the far-off sea and imperial fort a hand was laid upon her shoulder, and a sweet, refined voice said, "No greeting for me to-day, Renée? And I have so much to tell you—oh, Renée, so much!"

The young girl started, turned, and saw a lovely apparition—one that assuredly might have chased the cloud from her brow. A tall young lady stood beside her, and soft black eyes were fixed anxiously upon her.

"Mademoiselle Céleste!" exclaimed Renée. "What have you to tell me?"

"What can not be told in the midst of these old tombs, Renée, ma chère, in spite of that old apple-tree shaking its fruit desecratingly over poor Pipet's grave."

"Come, mademoiselle, come," said Renée, drawing the young lady toward the steps, just as the young peasant who had dipped his fingers in the holy-water with her appeared under the porch.

"Renée, this way," said Céleste. "We will walk by the château, and I will tell you my good news."

Renée Lamare followed the young demoiselle willingly, as she would have followed her to the ends of the earth had she wished it; but Mademoiselle Céleste de Monvère was not so exacting, and only desired to get her companion away from the crowd.

"Now, Renée, for my news!" she exclaimed, as they branched off on a little path, bordered with wild rose and blackberry bushes.

"Whatever it may be, Mademoiselle Céleste, it makes you very happy."

"I should think so—I should think so!" and two white hands were on Renée's shoulder.

"You remember last summer, after I came home from the convent, that I found a guest at our house?"

"Yes, indeed," answered the young girl; "he nearly made you forget me."

"Bêtise! ma toute chère, you know he could not, would not, do that. I liked M. De Bergérac very much; he was so gay, so kind."

Renée smiled, and her friend continued:

"He staid a month with us then, and has been a month with us now. Don't laugh, Renée—you are so moqueuse—but M. De Bergérac asked my father's consent to our—our marriage!"

"Mademoiselle!" was all Renée could say.

"Well," pursued Céleste, "my father said yes, and I said yes, and it was yes all around. Oh, Renée!" she exclaimed, seizing her friend by the hand, "he loves me, and I will try so hard to be a good wife to him!"

"That you will, Mademoiselle Céleste, for—" said Renée, a sob breaking through the sentence.

"Renée, my own petite Renée, why are you crying? Surely you are not sorry that I am happy?"

"Mademoiselle!" exclaimed Renée, indignantly; "am I so selfish? I was only thinking how easy it is for rich people to be happy."

"And that made you cry? It is something else. Come, Renée, petite amie, tell me, has Pierre Nogent offended you?" and Céleste passed her hand pityingly through the girl's fair hair.

"No, no; Pierre only offends in being poor. I will tell you why I cry. A few days ago, as I knelt by the river washing, I heard some one whistling,

'Ma Normandie,
Reçois mes amours,
Toujours,'

not ten steps behind me. I felt it was Pierre, and I was not mistaken. He came up to me, and said, 'Renée, how long have we known each other?' I thought he must be crazy, and laughed; but he sat down on the grass beside me, and asked me again how long had we known each other. I told him as well as I knew that it must be at least five years."

"What did he ask that for?" inquired Céleste.

The color spread over Renée's face as she replied.

"He told me that so many years he had loved me, and now he *must* tell me so."

"Why, Renée, surely you did not send him away?"

"No, but—"

"And you cry! A strange manner of expressing joy. Look at me: I am so happy that nothing could make me shed a tear; and yet, as I love my Léon, so do you love Pierre—only not quite as much, I am sure."

"Pardon, mademoiselle, I love my Pierre quite as well."

"Then, child, why do you cry?"

"Mademoiselle will marry M. De Bergérac?"

"Certainly."

"Well, I can not marry Pierre Nogent. Voilà!"

"Why not? He is a good workman. Only yesterday I heard my father praising him."

"Did he really?" and joy shone in Renée's tear-laden eyes. "But Pierre is poor, and my father says no, and wants me to marry old Nicholas Brasse. If Pierre could only earn money enough to buy the little farm of La Travet we should be so happy. But he can not, and that is why I cry."

Just then a tall, fine figure appeared, approaching the avenue that leads to the handsome château of Tourlaville, and, with a cry of "Léon," Céleste darted from her friend, her white dress flying in the wind, without offering Renée the intended sympathy, and was by De Bergérac's side.

"You come like my guardian angel, Céleste," Renée heard him say; and hiding her face in her hands, she turned into a side path, and hastened home.

Céleste and her lover continued their walk, admiring the old château, recently bought and restored by the Vicomte de Tocqueville. A fine old château, with ruined ivy-grown towers—a château where every conceivable crime had reigned supreme. It was formerly the property of the De Ravalet family, two of whom paid the penalty of their offenses on the Place de la Grève, in Paris, in 1603.

The Comte de Monvère, a native of Paris, but obliged by the poor state of his health to leave the city, had bought a fine old stone house near Cherbourg, and occupied himself in converting the old farm-house into a comfortable if not luxurious home for himself and daughter. Céleste was as the apple of his eye, and he was satisfied when Léon de Bergérac, son of an old friend from Angoulême, solicited the hand of his only child. He knew only too well how few were the years that remained to him, and loving and admiring Léon's noble character, he gladly confided his darling's happiness into his hands.

Renée Lamare, who was of the same age as the young demoiselle, and who had been her chosen companion since childhood, was the only daughter of poor Jean Lamare, postman at Tourlaville, a village of 6000 inhabitants, people who never wrote or received a letter. There was indeed a vast difference between the two young girls—one that they were the last to see; and as Céleste loved devotedly her little friend, Renée would have laid down her life for her. It was with a sad heart that she walked slowly homeward. The little house, vine-covered, and the tiny garden full of bright geraniums, seemed to bid her welcome. Under the trellis of grape-vine that shaded the path to the house sat Jean Lamare smoking his Sunday pipe, one of Mademoiselle Céleste's numerous gifts.

"It is very fortunate that you concluded to come home," was Jean's greeting. "Had I not known that you were with Ma'm'selle Céleste, I should have gone after you."

"Why, were you afraid that I should get lost, mon père?"

"I don't say that; but as long as Pierre Nogent hangs about this house like a spy I don't care to have you running the streets. And look here, Renée, Nicholas Brasse will be here to-morrow: see that you treat him properly."

"Mon père, do I not always treat your guests properly?"

"I don't complain; but see that you arrange your affairs with Nicholas for the earliest day. I am in need of money, and Maman Brasse has twenty thousand francs in her mattress. I can assure you it is no easy matter to dress and feed a girl like you."

"Surely you are not tired of me, father. I try to make myself useful; and I have nothing in common with Nicholas Brasse."

"Nothing in common! Elle chante haut!" exclaimed Jean Lamare. "St. Denis! you are greatly mistaken. By the Fête de St. Michel you must be Madame Brasse, or I refuse to support you!"

"I would rather ten thousand times earn my own bread than be indebted to Nicholas Brasse for it!" and Renée gave her father a reproachful look as she entered the house.

"Nous verrons, nous verrons," grumbled Jean, puffing at his pipe.

The next day arrived Nicholas Brasse, the rich farmer from Querqueville, whose age, appearance, and manners were odious in Renée's eyes. The poor child felt that this was to be her day of trial, and it was with a palpitating heart and pale face that she entered the room where Nicholas Brasse was smoking with her father.

"Ah, Ma'm'selle Renée!" exclaimed Nicholas, turning his great round eyes toward her; "I thought I was not going to see you;" and he laughed immoderately.

"Of course you were!" replied Jean Lamare. "And now bring us some cider, Renee—quick; Nicholas has much to tell you."

These last words did not tend to re-assure Jean's daughter, who, obedient to his command, hastened to place before the two men an enormous pitcher, full of cider, and two glasses.

This done, Renée was about to leave the room, when her father called her.

"Where are you flying to? I told you that Nicholas wanted to speak to you."

"To me? What can you have to say to me, Monsieur Brasse? I hope your mother is quite well?"

"Yes, yes," answered Nicholas, twisting his thumbs; "but lonely. You know, Ma'm'selle Renée, she is very anxious to have somebody about the house during the day, and—and—of course you know what I mean—a daughter would be the proper thing;" having said which Nicholas's face became scarlet, and his nose was plunged into the cider.

A faint smile played about Renée's lips, but it was a very faint one, as her father exclaimed:

"Ma foi, Brasse, that is true. You must have a wife, and so procure a companion for your mother, as well as for yourself. How will Renée do?"

The poor child started to her feet, while Nicholas Brasse laid his large hand on hers. With a muttered, "Pierre Nogent hanging about the garden again, curse him!" Jean Lamare darted out of the room.

"Monsieur Brasse," exclaimed Renée, seizing the farmer's great hand in both of hers, and tears filling her eyes—"Monsieur Brasse, tell me that you do not want me for your wife, I implore you."

"But I do, I do," was the answer, while Nicholas gazed wonderingly at her.

"But if you knew that to marry you would make me the most unhappy creature in the world!"

"What!" exclaimed Nicholas, becoming almost pale; "am I not good enough for you? Ma'm'selle De Monvère has turned your head, and I am not good enough for Ma'm'selle Renée."

"Nicholas Brasse, hear me," said Renée, hurriedly, seeing her father and Pierre in angry conversation at the gate. "My father will force me to marry you unless *you* say no. How can I marry you, loving some one else? It would be wicked—a sin!" and the young girl sank on a seat, crying bitterly. For a moment there was silence, then Renée felt a hand on her head, and a kind, though hoarse voice said,

"You love some one else?"

No answer but a sob.

"Is it not Pierre Nogent?"

"Yes."

"And why do you not marry him?"

"He is poor, Monsieur Brasse, and you are rich."

Silence.

"How much money does he need?"

"Two thousand francs to buy La Travet," sobbed Renée.

"Well, little one, don't cry; that hurts me. Pierre shall have the money I would have given you. Does that please you, Ma'm'selle Renée?"

"He would never accept it," she exclaimed; "but you will help me! Oh, Monsieur Brasse, I never knew one-half how kind you were;" and Renée imprinted a kiss upon his hand.

"No, no," he replied; "but I would not have a young thing like you tied to me unwillingly, that is all;" and his hand was dashed rapidly across his eyes.

As her father entered, still muttering curses upon Pierre, she disappeared, leaving to Nicholas the unpleasant task of informing the wrathy postman that he refused his daughter's hand.

"Pierre," whispered Renée, following the little path that led by the church up the hill—"Pierre, mon ami, art thou here?"

A crackling of the bushes was heard, and the handsome young peasant approached the young girl, who held out her hand joyfully toward him.

"Dost think that I would touch thy hand, when it is promised to another?"

"No, no, Pierre, it is not. Thou knowest it will be thine alone."

"Renée, bien aimée, dost thou not deceive me?" and Pierre seized the unresisting hand, and held it fast in his. "Thy father has cursed me seven times over, but I forgive him, for he is thy father; but he told me that thou hadst promised to marry Nicholas Brasse, and I saw thee kiss his hand."

"And so wouldst thou, my beloved. I told him that I loved thee—for thou knowest it well, thou jealous Pierre—and he said he would not tie me to him unwillingly, and would give thee the money for La Travet. But thou art not glad?"

"Would I beg? Let him keep his money. He is good, kind; but he thought of thee for one moment as his wife, Renée; that is unbearable. I can not accept money from any one!"

The words fell from Pierre's lips bitter and sharp. Renée's cup of sorrow was full, when she thought happiness so near. With a heavy heart she parted from Pierre, and found her father in a rage against her, Pierre, and Nicholas.

Things did not improve, and on the third day Renée confided all her sorrows to Céleste, who heard them with a pitying ear, a sigh, but a happy smile on her lips.

"If you could only be as happy as I am!" was all her reply.

Renée was angry with Mademoiselle Céleste for the first time in her life, and left her, answering, "You mock me in my sorrow."

The day after, as she strayed through the church-yard, wishing herself at rest forever, Renée heard a step so quick, so joyful, that she did not recognize it. In a moment Pierre was by her, his arm around her waist, his brown eyes full of joy.

"Thou canst never guess my news, Renée."

"Not if it is good, Pierre, never."

"Renée, M. De Bergérac came to me to-day, and asked if I would enter his service."

"Mon ami!"

"And as I was so thunder-struck that I could not reply, he said—but thou canst never imagine what."

"Pierre, tell me, quick—good news is indeed so new to me."

"That he employed only married men after his own wedding!"

Sweet was the hour that passed by with the lovers. Plans were laid and destroyed, and new ones devised, and it was with joyful hearts that the two hastened to inform Jean Lamare of the event, and implore his blessing upon them. This, with the prospect of what seemed to them untold wealth flowing from M. De Bergérac's purse day by day, was easily given, and for a while Renée's cup of happiness seemed full to the brim. She went about her daily work with a light heart, singing as she went; and what if Jean Lamare covered his ears with his hands, Pierre Nogent as he passed, smartly attired in the De Bergérac livery, thought it the sweetest music upon earth. And so the days passed by with Céleste and Léon, with Renée and Pierre.

A year had elapsed since the young people plighted their troth, and the wedding-day was fast approaching, when, like a clap of thunder, the news came that war was declared between France and Prussia. Léon, in spite of Céleste's tears, left her to join the army, and, as a matter of course, Pierre Nogent went too.

"When our poor country is once more free, Céleste, my own one, I will come to claim you as my bride."

"Who could think of marrying, Renée, when those beggarly Prussians are taking the poor fellows off their feet by the hundred?"

Not a tear did Renée shed, but with a smile bade her lover godspeed. Not so Céleste. For the first month she complained bitterly of her hard lot; but by degrees Renée's brave spirit upheld her, and at last love of country took its place in her heart by the side of the other love.

How eagerly the young girls followed every engagement, how their hearts beat as lists of the dead and wounded were placed in their hands! With a bitter cry they read of the sad day at Sedan, and offered up prayers daily in the village church for France and her salvation.

One day M. De Monvère, now grown very infirm, was seated in his library, an open letter in his hand.

"Wounded!" he repeated, "wounded! Léon wounded! And how am I to tell Céleste? Pauvre aimée, it will kill her."

But no; greater suffering was still in store, and strength was given her to bear it. As she learned the sad truth, kneeling at her father's knee, her soft black eyes lifted to his, Céleste exclaimed,

"You will take me to him, or you will send some one with me?"

"No, my child, it can not be. I am in no condition to accompany you. I will write immediately, and have every thing done for poor Léon's comfort, and as soon as possible he shall be brought here."

"Mon père, mon père," cried Céleste, "I shall die with this anxiety."

"You will be patient, my child, and Léon will soon be here."

"Poor Renée! *I* must tell her of Pierre's wound. Oh, this cruel, cruel war! Mon père, I wonder if the two leaders are not haunted by their victims!"

Renée sat in her modest little room that afternoon, sadly thinking of the absent one. Her father, impatient at Pierre's long absence, had proposed another suitor not so easily dealt with as Nicholas Brasse. Suddenly the door opened, and Céleste, pale and sorrowful, entered the room.

"Oh, mademoiselle, what is it? what is it?" exclaimed Renée, sinking back into the chair from which she had risen as Céleste appeared. "You have bad news. Oh, I pray, for the Blessed Virgin's sake, be quick!"

"Calm yourself, my poor Renée," said Céleste, laying her hand on the girl's head. "My news is indeed bad, but perhaps not as bad as I feared. Léon, *my* Léon, is wounded, and Pierre too."

"Sainte Vierge!" and for a moment Renée seemed to lose all self-control; but quickly recovering herself, asked, "Where are they?"

"At Beuzeval, a little sea-side place near Caen."

"Then give me your message, Mademoiselle Céleste, for by to-morrow morning I shall be on my way there."

"Impossible! Renée, have you suddenly lost your senses?"

"Perhaps," the young girl replied, wearily; "but I shall go. Pierre needs me."

"Then Léon needs me too," exclaimed Céleste, "and I will go with you."

In vain Renée urged the young demoiselle to remain; in vain she pleaded the father's sorrow, the long journey, the many inconveniences. Nothing could change her resolution, and, seeing resistance was useless, Renée yielded. Five the next morning was the hour fixed for departure, and it found Céleste eagerly waiting at Renée's gate.

"My father sleeps too lightly for me to risk kissing him good-by," Renée said, hastily drawing Céleste's arm through hers, "but I prayed the dear Virgin and saints to protect him and us."

The sun was rising over Cherbourg, spreading its gorgeous tints over the barren Fort du Roule, casting vivid reflections on the deep blue water. Céleste and Renée walked bravely on, the latter often stopping for her young demoiselle to rest. As evening approached, the two young girls entered Benzeval, the tiny watering-place, so gay during the summer, so sad to the poor defeated fellows who had been conveyed there! The tamarisk which bordered the wide street bowed its feathery leaves to the ground, while the sea rolled, sighing and weary, on the sandy beach. On a side street stood the "Maison Évangélique," where the wounded had been transported.

Céleste hesitated, and, laying her hand on Renée's, said, "One moment, my friend. Oh, Renée, what if my Léon were not here—dead!" and the young girl shivered as she spoke.

"We can but hope, mademoiselle. The Blessed Mother would not have brought us here for nothing."

Just then an elderly priest, whose placid face spoke utter indifference to all exterior events, came out of the house. Renée approached him hurriedly.

"Mon père," she said, "do you know Pierre?"

"A dozen of them, my child," he replied.

"No, no; Pierre Nogent, from Tourlaville, who lies here wounded."

"Ah, I understand," replied the good man, shaking his head—"M. De Bergérac's servant?"

"M. De Bergérac! My Léon! Oh, mon père, how is he?" exclaimed Céleste, darting forward. The priest gazed in astonishment at them both.

"Is the whole Calvados gone mad? Are you here to see M. De Bergérac and his servant, or are you only the avant-couriers of a female regiment?"

"Let us in—oh, let us in," moaned Céleste.

"Certainly, my children. Though beware; this is a heretical house."

Léon and Pierre were gradually prepared to receive them, and soon Céleste was kneeling by Léon's side, holding his poor weak hand in hers, while Renée called down all the blessings of Heaven upon her Pierre's head.

Léon de Bergérac was mortally wounded; his hours were numbered; while Pierre had escaped with a mere scratch. Céleste's grief at hearing this was terrible, but, for her lover's dear sake, she strove to be calm.

"My life is very short now, bien aimée, and I would ask one favor of you."

"Léon, it is granted."

"That you might be mine, called by my name, ere I die."

The simple ceremony, conducted amidst tears, was scarcely over when the door opened, and the Comte de Monvère entered.

"Mon père," exclaimed Léon, "forgive me, and—take—care—of—*my wife.*"

His breathing was labored, short, and rapid; and in a few moments his soul had returned to his Creator.

* * * * * *

On the road from Cherbourg to Tourlaville stands a fine old stone farm-house, with pear-trees growing against its walls, and tall royal poplars defending its gate. On bright days Céleste loves to come here, and sitting on a rudely carved seat, holds Renée's baby, while the happy mother takes the brass "canne" in her hand, sighing to herself,

"Poor Madame Céleste! she thought the sun was to shine forever."

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

OCTOBER.

Sunday, 25.—Twenty-first Sunday after Trinity.
Wednesday, 28.—SS. Simon and Jude.

NOVEMBER.

Sunday, 1.—Twenty-second Sunday after Trinity; All-Saints.
Sunday, 8.—Twenty-third Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday, 15.—Twenty-fourth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday, 22.—Twenty-fifth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday, 29.—First Sunday in Advent.
Monday, 30.—St. Andrew.

A MEMORIAL has been addressed to the General Episcopal Convention in opposition to the confirmation of the Rev. Dr. Seymour as Bishop of Illinois. It is signed by delegates who declare that they voted for him upon the assurance of his moderation and soundness, but that they have since found that they were mistaken. The Standing Committee of the diocese have presented a counter-memorial. The election of Dr. Welles as Bishop of Wisconsin has been approved by the Convention. The House of Deputies adopted a resolution approving of the attendance of the bishops at the Pan-Anglican Synod. The joint committee of the Houses of Bishops and Deputies reported in favor of a plan of union with the Episcopal Church of Canada.

The Rev. Robert Collyer has been invited to the Church of the Messiah (Unitarian) in this city. Dr. Samuel Osgood was once pastor of this society, but left it to enter the Protestant Episcopal communion; Dr. Hepworth, his successor, left it to establish an independent evangelical church. Mr. Collyer hesitates to accept the call, in view of his many obligations to his friends who have aided in the rebuilding of his church in Chicago.

The latest news of the struggle between church and state in Germany may be summarized thus: A cable dispatch (October 9) announces the release of the Archbishop of Cologne, after an imprisonment of six months and nine days, the remainder of his term being canceled. The sentence passed upon the Bishop of Ermeland, of imprisonment for six weeks or a fine of two hundred thalers, has been confirmed. Sixteen Roman Catholic priests have been imprisoned at Coblentz for infractions of the laws.

The third article of the Church Bill now before the Hessian Parliament says, "No church or religious association is permitted to threaten, to decree, or to publish any penalties or sentences except such as are of a purely religious character, or such as have reference to exclusion from such church or religious association." Another article authorizes the civil authorities to remove any ecclesiastic who may act contrary to the laws of the land. The Catholics of the duchy have published a declaration that the new bill will be obstinately opposed.

The London *Tablet* is authority for the statement that Prince Bismarck has invited several of the most prominent leaders of the Catholic party to meet him at Varzin, for the purpose, it is supposed, of coming to some understanding with them.

The priest Kubeczak, who was excommunicated by the vicar of the diocese of Posen, has protested against the measure in a memorial to the Cathedral Chapter, on the ground that an excommunication can only proceed from a bishop or the Pope. At the same time he stated his intention to commence legal proceedings against the vicar.

A cable dispatch (October 5), announced the forcible ejectment of the vicar of Posen for having disobeyed an order to leave the province within twelve hours.

Considerable discussion has been caused in Great Britain by the marked falling off in numbers and quality of the candidates for ordination in the Disestablished Church of Ireland. The bishops are said to have lowered the standard of education required at the preliminary examinations for orders, and curates' salaries have risen from £75 to £150. The reasons generally given for this state of affairs are the unsettled condition of Ireland, and the diminished chances of preferment now that the Church is disestablished.

The Canada Methodist General Conference adjourned on Friday, October 2, after a harmonious session. The official editors were re-elected. The *Christian Guardian* and the *Evangelical Witness* will, after the 1st of January next, be combined into one paper.

There was a German representation at the late National Conference of the Unitarian Churches held in Saratoga. The German delegate reported two Liberal Christian organizations among his countrymen: (1) The Protestant Union of Liberal Christian Churches in North America, which was established in Cincinnati in 1863. It embraces twelve churches, holds a conference once a year, and has founded an orphan asylum. (2) The union of "Independent Evangelical Protestant German Churches," which was organized in 1869. It contains fourteen churches, located principally in Illinois and Missouri. The churches, it is said, include among their members men of all shades of religious thought.

A minority of the Chicago Presbytery have entered a protest against the action of the majority in accepting the resignation of Professor Swing and erasing his name from its rolls. The Synod of Illinois met in Chicago October 15. Professor Swing's case will come before it on an appeal of Dr. Patton from the decision of the Presbytery.

The Congregational Council, whose meeting at New Haven we have already noticed, was in session five days. There were present, including honorary members, 317 delegates, representing twenty-five States and Territories. Resolutions were adopted recommending the transfer to the Home Missionary Society of the work of the Congregational Union and the missionary Sunday-school work of the Congregational Publishing Society, and advising the several benevolent societies to consolidate their organs in one monthly magazine.

The report of the revival of religious intolerance in Turkey has been confirmed by the Paris correspondent of the London *Times.* He states that long-forgotten laws, such as those forbidding the residence of Christians in the Turkish quarter of the city, are being enforced in Pera. Christians are turned out into the streets without mercy. These measures violate the decree of 1840 and the treaty of 1856, both of which promised that no one living in Turkey should be disturbed on account of his religious belief.

The second election since disestablishment for a bishop of the Irish Church has just been held in Ireland to fill the diocese of Kilmore. There were several candidates, the most prominent of whom were Canon Daunt, a distinguished preacher of Dublin, and Archdeacon Darley. Ultimately the archdeacon was elected by a majority of 163 votes of the laity and 108 of the clergy. The new bishop is best known by his efforts to reunite the Primitive Methodists of Ireland with the Episcopal Church.

The "American Christian Convention" began in Stanfordville, Dutchess County, New York, October 6. The "Christian Church," so called, originated in the early part of this century in secessions from the Methodists, Presbyterians, and Baptists, and now has, it is claimed, over 3000 churches and from 150,000 to 200,000 members. No subscription to a distinctive creed is required to be eligible for membership. The "Christians" are, however, anti-Trinitarian in their faith, and practice immersion. The Convention is held once in every four years. The secretary of the Sunday-school department reported from 150,000 to 175,000 pupils in the schools. A Biblical Institute is maintained at Stanfordville under the presidency of the Rev. Austin Craig, D.D. The organ of the Church is the *Herald of Gospel Liberty,* which is published in Dayton, Ohio. Over two hundred delegates attended the Convention.

Three clergymen of Boston have unexpectedly resigned their positions. The Rev. Dr. A. A. Miner, pastor of the Second Universalist Church for over twenty-five years, desires to give his entire attention in future to his duties as president of Tufts College. The Rev. Chandler Robbins, who for forty years has had charge of the Second Unitarian Church, has sent in his resignation. His congregation, however, hope by means of the appointment of an assistant to persuade him to remain. The third clergyman is the well-known Rev. W. H. H. Murray, pastor of Park Street Congregational Church. A letter which he read from his pulpit says that a request made by him six months ago for an associate pastor has been disregarded; his desire also to move the church to a more central location does not receive the approbation of some of its members. For these reasons he wishes to withdraw at the close of the sixth year of his ministry, November 12. His resignation was at once accepted.

The death is announced of Dr. James Henderson, of the Free Church of Scotland. In 1855 he was appointed Moderator of the Free Church General Assembly, a post which he filled with great credit. During his long pastorate in Glasgow of over forty years, first in connection with the Established and afterward with the Free Church, he won universal respect. In 1871 he celebrated the semi-centennial of his service in the ministry. His health had been failing for some time before his death.

On the 20th of September, the anniversary of the occupation of Rome by the Italians, members of the Roman nobility and Catholic societies called on the Pope and presented him addresses of condolence. The Pope replied in a speech, which has not yet been published.

Joseph Nee Sima, a native of Japan, was ordained as a Congregationalist minister on September 24 in the city of Boston. Nineteen years ago Mr. Nee Sima ran away from his home, "being determined to find the land of the Bible." He shipped for America on one of the vessels of Alpheus Hardy, Esq., of Boston, who, becoming acquainted with the facts, gave the young Japanese a liberal education at Phillips Academy, Amherst College, and Andover Theological Seminary. His flight from home was an illegal act, but it has been pardoned by the emperor, who has given Nee Sima permission to return. The ordination sermon was preached by the Rev. Professor J. H. Seelye. Mr. Nee Sima goes back to Japan as a missionary in the service of the American Board.

THE AFRICAN GOLD FIELDS.

Before the discovery of gold in California and Australia the gold fields of Guinea, in the Kong Mountains, ranked among the most important sources of the world's supply of this precious metal. The discovery of the diamond fields in the southern part of Africa in 1868 attracted thousands of enterprising miners and adventurers to the region of the Vaal River, who in their search for new deposits of precious stones struck upon extensive gold fields lying beyond the Transvaal Republic. Wild reports of their great richness spread among the miners, and hundreds of restless diggers, dissatisfied with the results of diamond hunting, packed up and set out for the new land of gold. Our illustration on page 900 represents a party leaving the Klipdrift diamond fields, fully equipped for their long journey across the desert. The new diggings, which have been named Victoria, lie about five hundred miles from Patchefstrom, a town on the southern border of the Transvaal Republic. According to tradition, the Portuguese sent an expedition in the sixteenth century to work mines, which failed on account of the prevalence of fever and the poisonous fly.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Kissingen waters have a world-wide fame, and every season the quiet, charming little city whence they are exported boasts almost as many guests as native residents. About four thousand visitors were recorded up to the 1st of last September—a large majority of them being from Berlin. Healthy people are not expected to make long tarryings at Kissingen. Years ago the physicians of the city, with the advice and consent of a royal commissioner, made out a list of articles of food suitable for guests, and landlords are bound by order of the magistrates to give only such food as is prescribed by the doctors. And if one eats what is ordered, drinks faithfully, and sleeps and exercises according to rule, he can be cured of any disease, *they say.* The famous Rakoczy Spring was discovered in 1737; but the special prosperity of Kissingen dates from 1806, when it came into the possession of Bavaria. Gambling was abolished in 1848, and soon afterward the large royal baths were erected. The city was a quiet place of resort for invalids until 1866, when the Prussians drove the Bavarians out of the town. Prince Bismarck has been imbibing the waters with great regularity during the past season—a fact which is regarded as a valuable advertisement. His residence overlooks the Saale, a picturesque little river which flows right through the city. The scenery of Kissingen is quiet but attractive—very appropriate for the many invalids who spend the "season" there.

The cattle plague has appeared in Russian Poland, causing much anxiety. The only remedy is the isolation of the district, and the Russian government has taken the usual steps to place a cordon round the district where the disease prevails.

Walking is a virtue when there is good occasion or necessity for special exertion in that way. A story is told of one G. W. Weston, who a year or two ago left Brownsville, Nebraska, for Texas, with his family. Yellow fever drove them from their first settlement, and they went to New Orleans. But life there was not agreeable, and they resolved to return to Brownsville. As they had but a few dollars, ordinary modes of travel were closed to them. Mr. Weston expended his small capital in a wheelbarrow, a tent, and a few necessary articles, and determined to walk back to Nebraska. So with his wife and three children he started, and at last accounts had arrived at St. Louis.

Bryan Waller Proctor, better known as "Barry Cornwall," recently died, in the eighty-fourth year of his age. Among English poets he will always hold an honored place, earned by his pure, delicate songs. His daughter, Adelaide Anne, wrote much poetry, some of which may entitle her to quite as high a rank among poets as her father. She died several years ago.

The public journals are deducing various practical lessons from the Fall River fire. One is that a position upon which the safety of a mill and its occupants depends ought not to be filled by a boy, but by a careful man of good judgment. Another lesson is that operatives should be definitely instructed what to do in case of fire or accident, and children should be educated to maintain presence of mind in unaccustomed circumstances. Arrangements for safety should be always kept in such conditions as to be available. There was a water tank in the upper part of the Granite Mill, which it was the duty of the workmen to keep filled, but at the time of the fire it was empty.

If you want to cross the Atlantic, and happen to have ten dollars, you can secure a steerage passage; and some lines will even carry you for less money!

Policemen complain that they can not go out comfortably with their families for a holiday in full uniform. One, who started out with his wife, and his little boy in his arms, was first greeted by a gentleman, who said, "Officer, it is your duty to stop those boys from building fires in the street." The policeman endeavored to explain that he was not on duty. Gentleman doubtfully takes his number. Meanwhile the wife has gone on, and while he hurries on to reach her, a lady exclaims, "Officer, is that child lost? Poor little thing! Where will you take it?" And as he does not reply, he hears the word, "Insolent!" When he sat down by his wife in a car, a man poked him with his elbow and demanded, "Officer, is that woman under arrest? What did she do? Kidnap a child?" The unfortunate policeman turned to his wife. "I can't stand this," said he; "let's get out." So they did, and he went home by one street and she by another.

At a recent meeting of the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals it was reported that the reward of $700 had failed to procure any clew to the perpetrator of the fiendish act of stabbing and killing nine horses in the stable of Mr. Dwyer last August. It was resolved that a reward of $1500 be offered for such information as would lead to the arrest and conviction of the offender.

"Cat shows" are popular in England. At the last one, held very lately at the Crystal Palace, there were 350 cats. The heaviest one weighed 15¾ pounds.

According to the best estimates, there are about two thousand unprotected young Englishwomen in Paris, who have gone there to qualify themselves as governesses, modistes, ladies'-maids, and cooks. To provide them with a refuge, assistance, and advice when needed, a project has been started by an English lady for a home to be established in Paris.

English ladies are becoming decidedly independent as well as courageous. Three of them—young they were also—recently made the ascent of Mont Blanc unaccompanied by any gentleman. This being the first occurrence of the kind, the inhabitants of Chamounix presented the adventurous trio with an address and bouquets of flowers.

An amusing lawsuit was recently decided at Fontainebleau, France, according to Solomon's principles. Monsieur C—— possessed a turkey-hen, which hatched out a brood of fourteen little ones; but unfortunately they soon disappeared. Search for them was made in vain; but one day the mother's oft-repeated calls were answered from a neighboring barn-yard. The police were called to investigate, and on the suspected premises found a cage containing ten little turkeys. Monsieur C—— protested they were his; so also did the owner of the cage. The matter was brought into court, and the chicks were summoned to give evidence, as well as the hen belonging to the farmer. This latter witness flew at the young turkeys, and pecked them. Then Monsieur C——'s hen was summoned, and, spreading her wings, she called her brood, and they joyfully took shelter under her wings. The court pronounced this proof of ownership decisive.

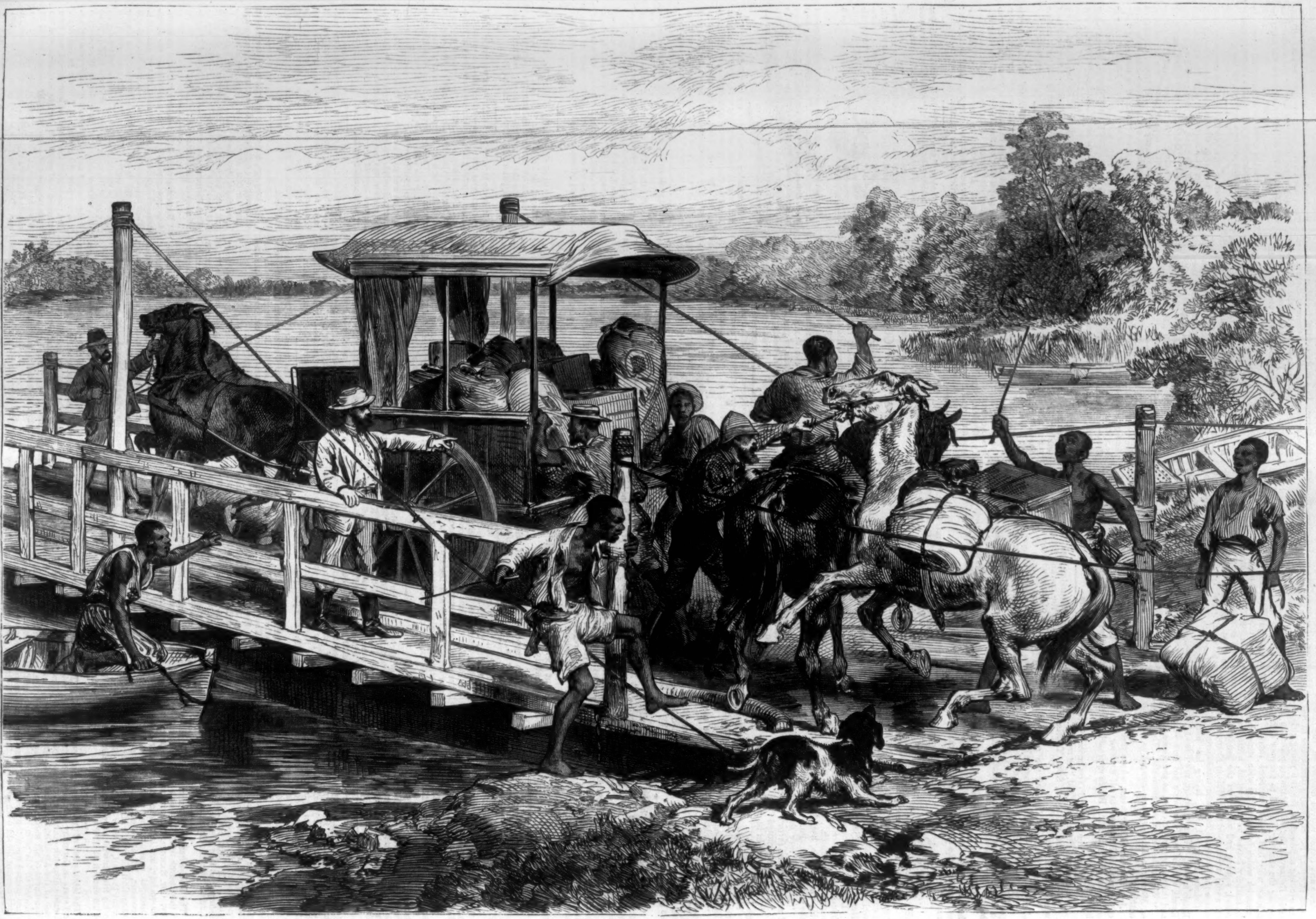
Rather good rifle-shooting is thus described by the editor of the Troy *Whig:* "We have seen a man hold his rifle in his left hand and toss a chip with his right hand into the air, and then, bringing his rifle to his shoulder, put a bullet through the chip."

It seems necessary to mention that every small child going about the streets with an adult is *not* stolen. An enterprising Brooklyn man observed toward nightfall a small boy, about seven years old, in company with a blind violinist. He immediately concluded the child had been stolen, and benevolently resolved to rescue him. The boy, however, objected to being rescued; but the philanthropist persisted until the little fellow cried out for help. An officer was drawn to the spot, as well as a large crowd of people. The blind man claimed the boy as his son; and though the would-be rescuer was certain it was not so, investigation showed beyond a doubt that he had been trying to separate a son from his father.

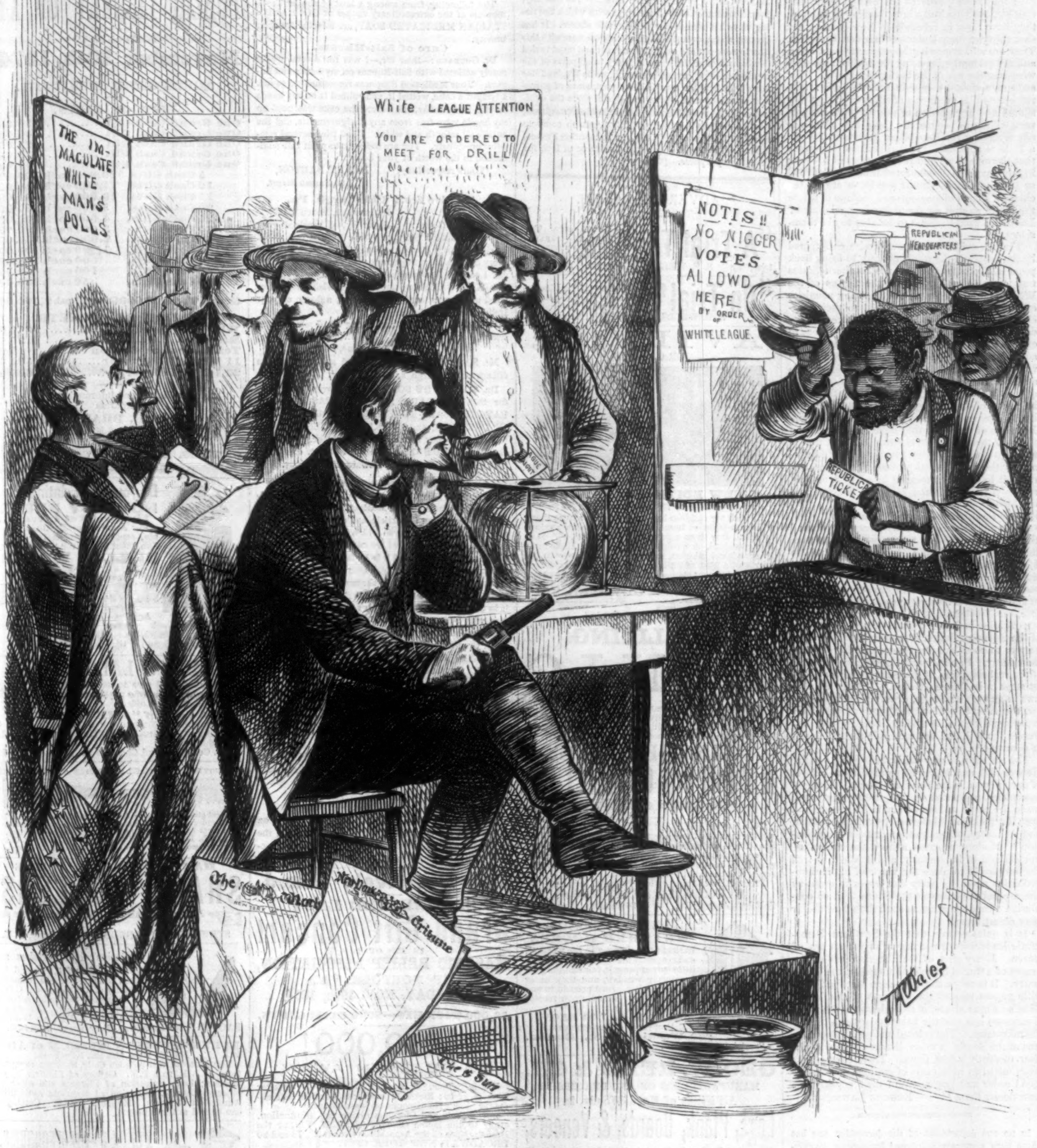
Nowadays a novel receives its title on the same principle that a child is named—simply to identify it. It is by no means necessary that there should be any connection between the contents of a novel and its title. The latter calls attention to its existence, and distinguishes it from its neighbors; that is deemed sufficient.

Not long ago, during the discussion of the project of closing the cemeteries of Paris and making one at Mery-sur-Oise, an old lady of seventy-five years became much distressed. One day she was found dead, and near her body was a note, saying that she could not bear the idea of being buried any where but in Mont Parnasse, and hence had killed herself, in order to sleep in the cemetery of her choice.

Some engineers in Baden have contrived an ingenious arrangement by which to provide for the simultaneous lighting of all the gas lights of the town. Their apparatus can be affixed to all gas jets, and acts not by any special mechanism, but simply by the increased pressure of the gas from the gasometer when the lamps should be lighted. The one act of turning on the gas at the main ignites it at all the burners fitted with the new apparatus. In achieving this result the designers did not really obtain any very practical advantage over the method of ignition by electricity. But they pushed this invention still further, and have provided that when the pressure is diminished at the main the gas can either be totally extinguished or let down to a thread. It is chiefly in the lighting of the streets of a town that the invention will be of practical use. Directly the gas is turned on the whole city will be simultaneously illuminated, and when in the early morning the pressure is reduced the light may be totally extinguished or gradually diminished. This plan has been adopted in some of the public buildings and streets of Heidelberg.



ON THE WAY TO THE AFRICAN GOLD FIELDS—PONTOON FERRY OVER THE VAAL RIVER.—[SEE PAGE 899.]


THE IM-MACULATE WHITE MANS POLLS
White LEAGUE ATTENTION
YOU ARE ORDERED TO MEET FOR DRILL
NOTIS!! NO NIGGER VOTES ALLOWD HERE BY ORDER OF WHITE LEAGUE.
REPUBLICAN HEADQUARTERS
REPUBLICAN TICKET
The World
New York Tribune
The Sun
JAWales

"EVERY THING POINTS TO A DEMOCRATIC VICTORY THIS FALL."—Southern Papers.

Nine years have passed since Louisiana, wasted, ruined, and depraved by slavery and by rebellion, came out from a contest in which, had only the guilty suffered, it had been punished not half so severely as it deserved. Its slave-traders had forced it among the earliest into revolt. The very thought of a limitation upon their dreadful traffic filled them with unreflecting rage. The election of Lincoln seemed to menace the slave-trade on the Mississippi; the auction-blocks of New Orleans might no longer be supplied from Kentucky and Tennessee with human chattels; and the desperate leaders of the violent faction forced the small yet wealthy community to rise in arms against the government. With a population of perhaps seven hundred thousand, more than half of whom were colored, all Unionists in life and death, while of the whites it is not probable that a majority were ready for the mad measures of the slave-traders, the State soon felt the results of its folly, and fell again into the hands of the government. At the close of the rebellion Louisiana was impoverished with an excess of poverty to which not even South Carolina had reached. A large proportion of its white population were paupers, maintained by the alms of the national government. Its lucrative slave-trade was stopped forever; its colored people were free. There was no money to pay its taxes, no resources to maintain its levees; no hope of rescue from its fallen condition except the aid of the national government and the Northern capitalists. Of this, so generously offered, the State freely availed itself, and commerce once more began to revisit the deserted wharves of New Orleans. So fertile is its land, and so favorable the site of its metropolis, that a few years of peace would soon impart to Louisiana new elements of progress; and, as the centre of Western trade, and the home of Western merchants, New Orleans might rise to a high rank among the sea-ports of the world.

But this the fallen rebels were resolved to prevent. Malice ruled in their counsels of such a depth of depravity as could only be born of the poisonous remnants of slavery. They formed secret associations, not, as one might suppose, to restore agriculture, to enlarge trade, to preserve good order, and invite the commerce and emigration of the West, but to insult and terrify honest negro laborers, to drive off white settlers who were Republicans, and at last murder both; to hold the State in miserable poverty and force the people to live still on the alms of the government. The reports of the Ku-Klux Committee for 1871–72 show how successfully the White Leaguers of four or five years ago overawed or ill-treated their miserable fellow-citizens; how in 1868 scarcely a Republican ventured to vote in many parishes, and what perpetual bankruptcy and poverty ruled in the small community. Two thousand persons were murdered by the White Leaguers in a population not much larger than that of Brooklyn.

The fact that the Ku-Klux or the White League began its reign of terror in Louisiana immediately after the war, and has continued it ever since, until it rose into the recent rebellion, or that the Democratic leaders, M'Enery and Penn, owe all their political strength to its prevalence, is what the chiefs of the lawless faction in the State would now willingly conceal. Having spread a deadly terror through all the Republican population, they are now satisfied, and they labor to hide from the Northern press and people by all their arts the means by which they hope to control all future elections. Yet it is plain to the whole Northern public that it is not any misgovernment on the part of the Kellogg rule that brought the White League into existence, since it appeared at once upon the close of the rebellion; nor is it the fault of the Federal officials that the assassins have ravaged the State under the names of Knights of the White Camellia or of a White Man's Party for the past nine years. It is not the State but the Federal government against which the outrages have been aimed. It was the lingering fires of rebellion that blazed up anew in unlucky Louisiana; and it is certain that no government favorable to the Union would satisfy these supporters of M'Enery and Penn. They will have nothing but an ascendency of the rebel interests.

Our White Leaguers who were only a few days ago urging that every one who opposed their rule in New Orleans should be "shot down like a dog," are now complaining of "misrepresentation" and of the harsh construction put upon their actions by the more observant part of the Northern press. We think their actions are not unworthy of their words, and that they are not unknown to the history of the times. Never did so small a community as Louisiana in so few years exhibit such a succession of horrors. In 1868 we have the raids on the negro voters detailed in the Ku-Klux reports, when the White Camellias dominated in the streets of New Orleans. In 1869–71 fear kept them in tolerable quiet. In 1872 they re-appear. In 1873 they burned or shot down sixty or seventy negroes at Grant Parish, and attempted an insurrection in New Orleans. In 1874 they have murdered the United States officials at Coushatta and a large number of negroes; they have risen in rebellion in New Orleans and shot thirty or forty Unionists in a deadly contest. They are still importing large quantities of arms, and are evidently preparing for further massacres whenever the eye of the law is withdrawn. That such men should complain that they are "misrepresented" is an excess of effrontery; that they should find any portion of the Northern Democracy willing to believe any thing they choose to affirm against the Republican government is not a little remarkable. It is ridiculous to suppose that the murderers and revolutionists of 1874 are in any way to be disconnected from those of 1868 or 1873, or that M'Enery and Penn are not the chiefs of a band of assassins and outlaws of whom the white as well as the colored population of Louisiana would rejoice to be able to rid themselves.

There is evidently a strong desire entertained by the people of the whole country to bring back peace and prosperity to all the Southern States that are still suffering from the terrors of the White Man's League or the lingering penalties of the rebellion, and to lend aid to their merchants and farmers to rise from their temporary depression. They want capital and labor to extend their means of internal communication, and a large immigrant population to add to the value of their lands; they want public schools and churches, a free press, and liberty of speech and action to relieve them gradually from the influence of their dangerous classes, to diffuse knowledge, and increase the results of labor. But none of these can they hope to obtain in the midst of their civil convulsions. Insurrection is the most costly of political measures, and Louisiana is the most unlucky of all the States, because it has been tormented by a horde of traitors. While Charleston flourishes in peace and has become already an opulent sea-port, New Orleans is the scene of a lamentable decay. Galveston and Mobile draw away its commerce, and the Western merchants turn away in alarm from the home of the White Man's League. Even Florida, where peace has been maintained and the Ku-Klux apparently suppressed forever, has made a rapid progress, while Savannah languishes and Georgia is losing its population. If, therefore, the Northern and Western press are desirous of aiding in developing the natural advantages of the Southern States, it is plain that their first duty is to point out the causes that have led to their decay. Publicity and a perfect information of the real condition of the country are the earliest steps in its future advance. If there are outlaws in any of the States, or any reign of disorder, the truest friends of the South are those who expose and denounce them. Secrecy only increases the evil, and bad men hide their ill deeds in darkness.

The question is now fairly before the people, How can life and liberty be secured to all classes of our citizens in the Southern States, and those enormities prevented in the future that have made the name of Democracy in Tennessee and even Kentucky, in Alabama, Georgia, Louisiana, and Arkansas, odious to the instincts of civilization? Modern progress abhors the notion of murder and of inhumanity, and it would be well for our people to place the mark of their disapprobation upon the party that hopes to profit by these cruel measures at the South with so conclusive a condemnation as shall show how deeply they detest them.

It is quite certain that the Southern Democratic leaders have not begun as yet an era of peace. Every part of their section has shown traces of a war of intimidation against the Union party. It is only a short time ago that the Louisville papers related the outrages of the White Man's League almost in the suburbs of that city. Tennessee has recently been the scene of frightful massacres. The colored and white Republicans of the South, in many districts, vote with the fear of death before them. Their courage has been tested by nine years of perilous devotion to good order and peace. Will their countrymen now desert them? Eugene Lawrence.

In no one department of the decorative arts has there been a more merited and interesting development during the last quarter of a century than in the working of metals, and especially in the working of that composite metal which, within the limits of its capacity, is undoubtedly at once the most manageable and the most indestructible vehicle of artistic expression, and to which we give the name, derived from the Italian word for "burning coals," of "bronze." During the 18th century the "age of periwigs," as it has been not inaptly baptized, the use of this most artistic material in the manufacture of lamps, candelabra, clocks, inkstands, mantle ornaments, and the thousand and one more or less useful knick-knacks which give refinement and variety to the furniture of a prosperous home, gradually and steadily declined. Bronze was supplanted by brass; richness of tone and picturesqueness of form by glittering rectangularity. This was particularly the case in Holland and in England. In France ormolu was more extensively used, and the forms, at least, of French decorative art during this period were maintained at a higher artistic level than in any other part of Europe. During this period the noblest pictures that have ever been painted sank in relative value, and the foundations were laid in different parts of Europe by a few persons of taste and sense, of galleries which could now only be so much as commenced by royal revenues. The grandest monuments of mediæval architecture were "improved" with coats of whitewash. With the general and wonderful revival of culture and of taste which followed the great French Revolution and the Napoleonic era, all this was changed; and the enormous extension of the "bronze" manufacturers of Europe during the last twenty-five years, is one of the most notable symptoms of the general elevation of the public mind and judgment in such matters. The warerooms of Starr & Marcus, at No. 22 John Street (up stairs), in this city, bear eloquent witness to the force with which the rising wave has struck our Cis-Atlantic shores. It has become an important branch of business now with this firm to seek out and secure the newest and most varied developments of this great industry in all parts of the continent. For, curiously enough, while England has more than held her own in the departments of porcelain, enameled ware, silver, and crystal since the exhibition of 1851 roused her to perceive her backwardness, she has not yet so much as fairly begun to compete either with Germany and Italy, not to mention France, in the artistic working either of bronze or of Iron for decorative purposes.—[*Com.*]

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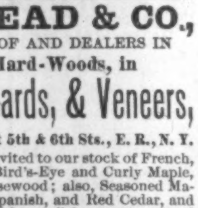

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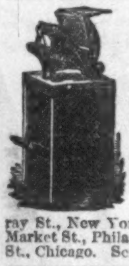

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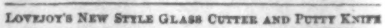

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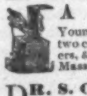

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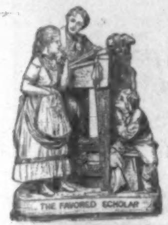

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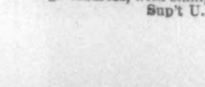

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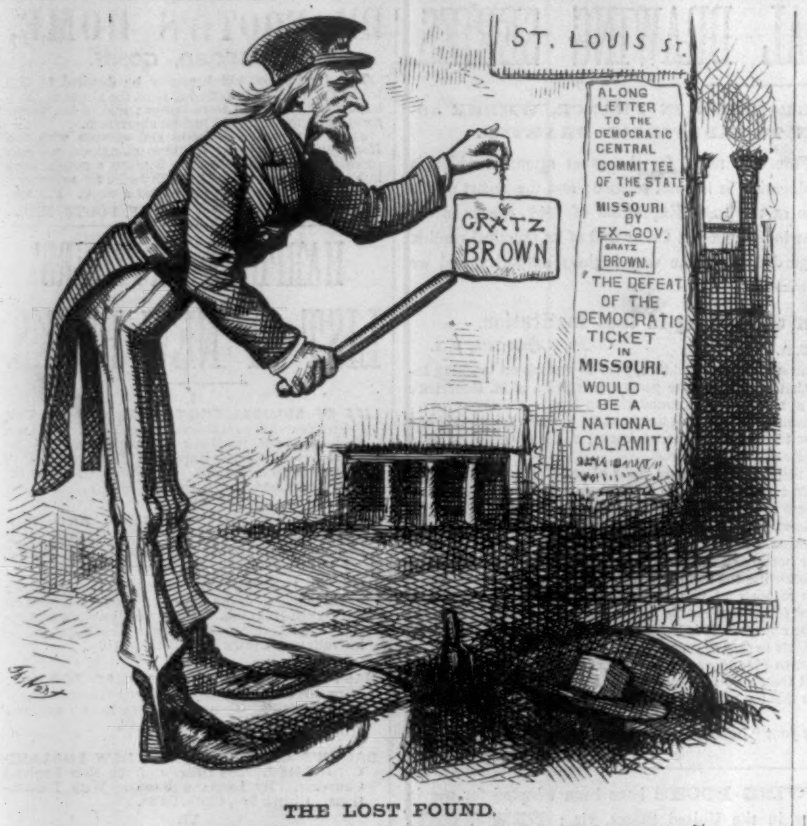
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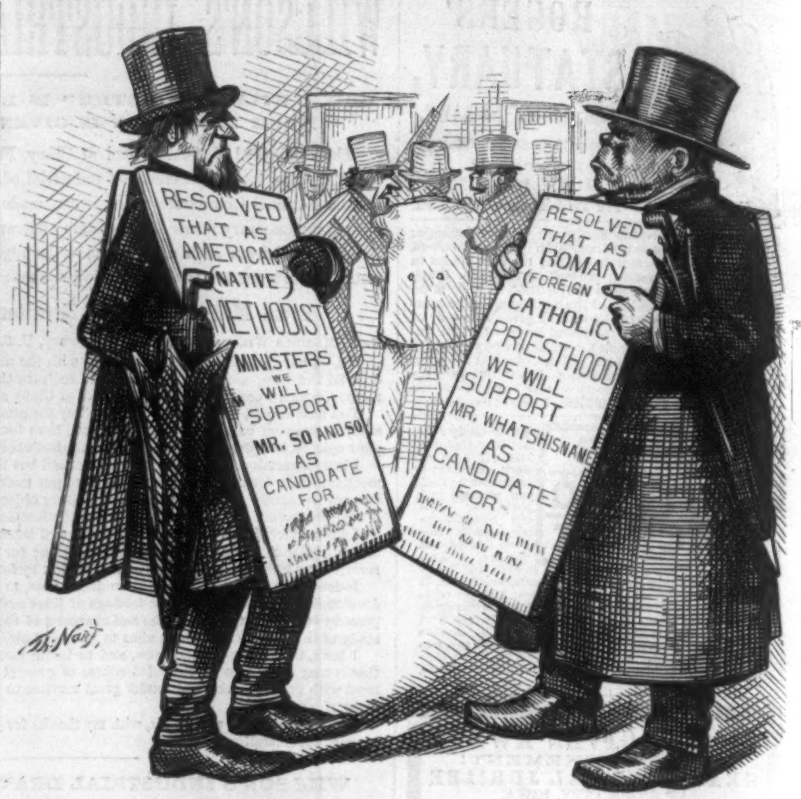
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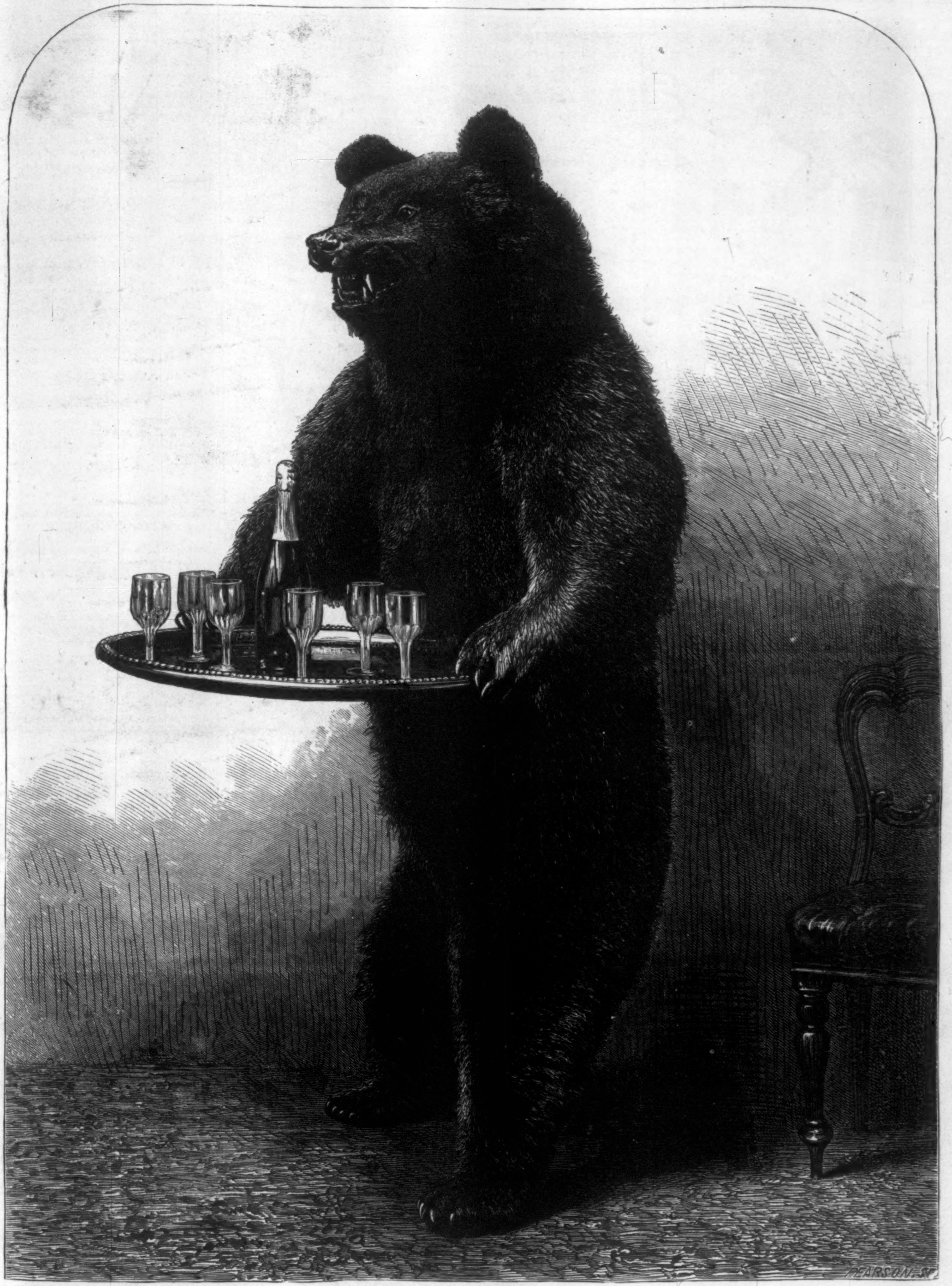


THE DUMB WAITER.

THE DUMB WAITER.

WHEN the Prince of Wales was in Russia, upon the occasion of the marriage of the Duke of Edinburgh and the Grand Duchess MARIE, last January, a series of hunting-parties was arranged upon a magnificent scale for the amusement of the royal guests. Hunting in Russia, as upon our great Western plains, is no child's-play. It involves fatigue and danger, and requires endurance and courage.

Among those who accompanied the Prince of Wales upon these hunting excursions was Lord SUFFIELD, who upon one occasion shot a large bear. He had the skin stuffed, and put it to the use represented in our engraving.

(Continued from No. 930, page 888.)

[Published by Special Arrangement with the Author.]

A STRANGE WORLD.

BY MISS BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "TAKEN AT THE FLOOD," "TO THE BITTER END," "STRANGERS AND PILGRIMS," "AURORA FLOYD," "THE LOVELS OF ARDEN," ETC.

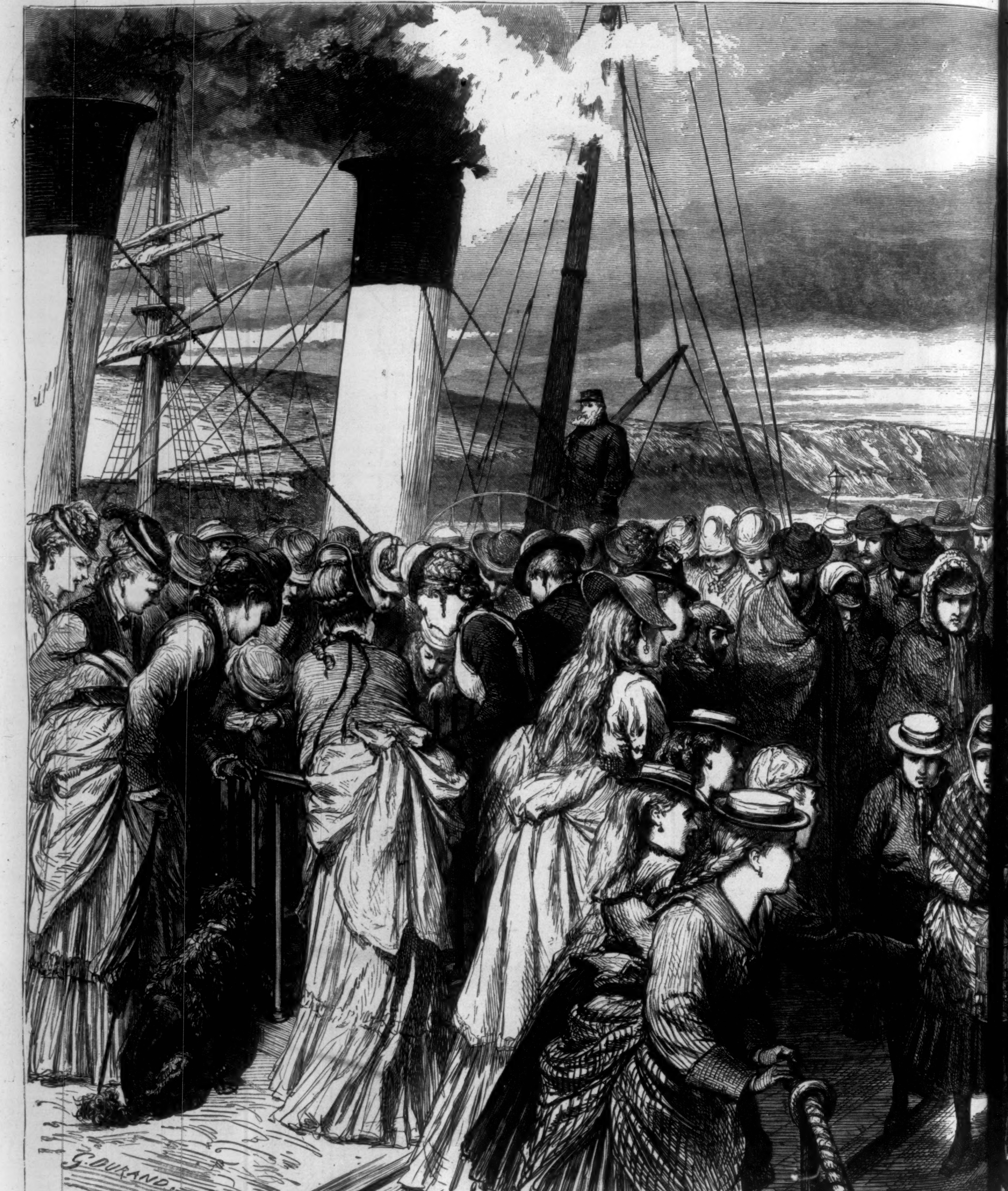
CHAPTER XLI.

"THOU HAST ALL SEASONS FOR THINE OWN, O DEATH!"

WHAT was it that Mrs. Trevanard would have told when death sealed her lips forever? This was the question which Humphrey Clissold asked himself many a time in those dismal days at Borcel End, when the house was darkened, while he and Martin sat together in friendly silence, full of sympathy, and for the most part alone, Mr. Trevanard preferring the solitude of the best parlor in this day of affliction. What was that circumstance or detail which she would have told him, and what clew to the mystery was he to discover from those two words "family Bible"—the only words that he had been able clearly to gather from the dying woman's disjointed speech?

He suffered Martin to give full sway to his grief; stanch in friendship, prompt with sympathy, but never attempting to strangle sorrow with set speeches of consolation; and then one evening, when Michael Trevanard had gone to bed, worn out with grief and confusion of mind, and when Martin was more composed and resigned than he had been since his mother's death, Humphrey approached the subject which absorbed all his thoughts just now. He had told Martin that Mrs. Trevanard had given him her confidence, but he had also told him that the circumstances she had confided to him must remain a profound secret.

"She has intrusted me with a hidden page of your family history, Martin," he said. "If ever I can set right the wrong that has been done—not by your mother, she may have been mistaken in her course of action, but she has deliberately wronged no one—you shall know all; but if I



OUR ARTIST ON THE FOLKESTONE P—JUS

fail, the secret must remain a secret to the end of my life."

"How good you are," said Martin. "Can I ever be grateful enough for your interest in our troubles?"

"My dear Martin, there is less cause for gratitude than you imagine. I have a reason of my own for being eager in this matter. A foolish reason, perhaps, and most certainly a selfish one. So let there be no talk of gratitude on your part."

This evening, finding Martin in a more comfortable frame of mind, Humphrey deemed it safe to question him.

"You heard what your poor mother said to me on her death-bed?" he began.

"Every word. She was wandering, I think; poor dear soul."

"I hardly think that, Martin. There was so much expression in her face, as she looked at me, and she seemed so eager to tell me something. I feel sure that there was some additional circumstance, some previously forgotten detail of the story she had told me which she wanted to communicate in that last hour—something relating to a family Bible. Will you let me see your family Bible, Martin?"

"Certainly. It is kept where all the world can see it—all the world of Borcel End, at least. It is on the side-table in the best parlor. My poor father was reading it this afternoon. I'll go and get it."

Martin took one of the candles and went into the next room, whence he speedily returned, carrying a substantial folio bound in brown leather.

This was the family Bible—a goodly volume, profusely garnished with old-fashioned woodcuts, and printed in a large fat-faced type on thick-ribbed paper, mellowed to a yellowish hue by the passage of years.

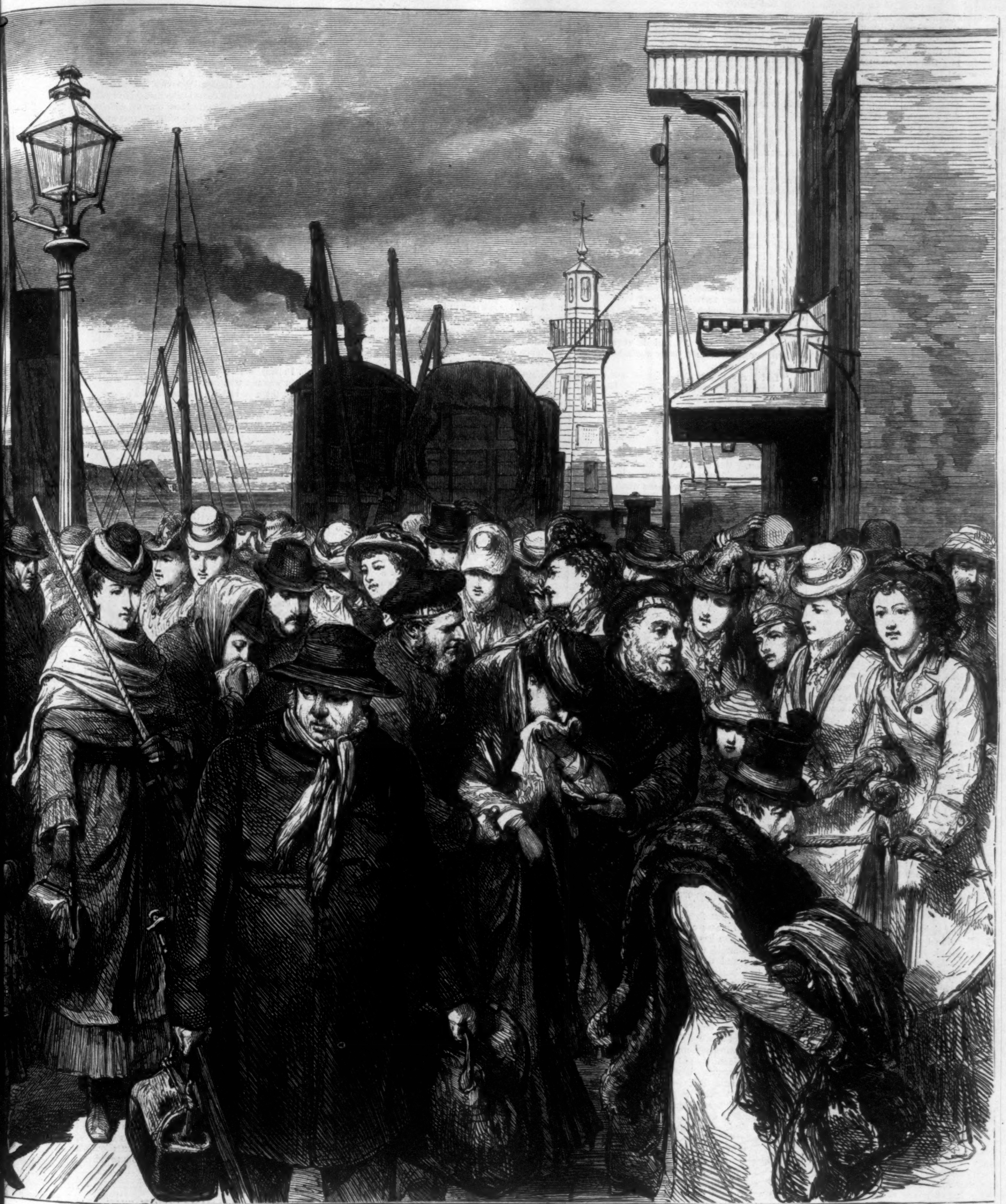
On the fly-leaf were recorded the births, marriages, and deaths of the Trevanards for the last hundred and fifty years, but beyond this plain, straightforward catalogue, the page held nothing. There was the first inscription, in ink of a faded brownish hue, recording the marriage of Stephen Trevanard, of Treworgey, with Hannah Penrose, of St. Austell, July 14, 1773—a marriage from which the Borcel End branch of the Trevanards had arisen—and the last entry, in Michael Trevanard's heavy sprawling penmanship, recording the death of Bridget, the beloved wife, etc., etc. Humphrey read every line of that family catalogue—Muriel's birth, Martin's—but there was nothing here to suggest the faintest clew to Mrs. Trevanard's dying words.

Then carefully, and leaf by leaf, he went through the volume, looking for any stray document which might lurk between the pages. Here he found a withered flower, with its faint, ghost-like odor of departed perfume, there a scrap of sacred poetry copied in a girlish hand—such a pretty, graceful penmanship, which he surmised to be Muriel's. Yes, here was one half sheet of note-paper, with act fro
signed Muriel T d, Chri
"May I keep crap of
he asked.

It struck him night a
be well for him ss a sp
Trevanard's wri ady to
any other docu

"By all me wered
girl! She used fond
a quaint old Sc llad ha
me, learned ou e old
had picked up at a
Market."

Beyond those aves of
ry and those st erets, F



—JUST IN FROM BOULOGNE.—[See Page 908.]

act from Milton's *Hymn*,
d, Christmas, 1851.
crap of paper, Martin?"

night at some future time
s a specimen of Muriel
ady to be compared with

swered Martin. "Poor
fond of poetry. Many
llad has she repeated to
e old books my father
at a stall in Seacomb

aves of manuscript poet-
erets, Humphrey's most

careful search could discover nothing between the pages of the family Bible. He began to think that Martin was right, and that those last words of Mrs. Trevanard were but the meaningless babble of a mind astray, with no more significance than Falstaff's dying talk of fair green fields familiar to his boyhood, or ever he had learned to find pleasure in midnight carouses or the company of Mistress Tearsheet.

"By-the-bye," said Martin, suddenly, while his friend sat with his arms folded on the sacred volume, deep in thought, "there's a Bible somewhere that belonged to my great-grandmother—a Bible I can just remember when I was a little chap, before Muriel's wits went astray—a Bible with queer old pictures in it, which I was very fond of looking at—not a big folio like this, but a thick dumpy volume, bound in black leather, with a brass clasp. My mother generally used it when she read the Scriptures of a Sunday evening, and it was called Mother's Bible."

"Was there any thing written in it?" asked Humphrey.

"Yes, there was writing upon the first page, I believe."

"How long is it since you saw that Bible, Martin?"

"How long?" echoed Martin, meditatively. "Oh, ever so many years. Why, I don't remember having seen that book since I was quite a little lad."

"Did you ever see it after your sister's mind went wrong?"

"That's asking too much. I can't remember so closely as that; and yet, on reflection, I don't think I ever did see it after Muriel's long illness, for I was sent to Helston Grammar School just at that time, and I certainly don't remember ever having seen that Bible after I went to school. However, I dare say it's somewhere about the house. Nothing is ever lost at Borcel. That Bible is among my poor mother's stores most likely. She was always a great hand for keeping old things."

"I should like very much to see it, if you could find it for me, by-and-by, Martin."

By-and-by meant when that solemn presence of the dead which set its seal upon all things at Borcel had been removed from the old farmhouse.

"I'll look for it among mother's books next week," said Martin. "There are a good many books upon the old walnut-wood chest of drawers in her bedroom."

* * * * * *

Humphrey staid at Borcel all through that dismal week, though he received a very kind letter from Mrs. Penwyn begging him to take up his abode at the Manor-house for the rest of his stay in Cornwall. He felt that it would be a hard thing to leave Martin in that house of gloom, and he knew that his presence there was some kind of comfort, even to Michael Treva-